

The Poisoning Rivers of Ink

January 29, 1921

Price—15 Cents

In Canada 20 Cents per copy

Leslie's



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Vol. CXXXII. No. 3405

Autocrats

4798

Entered as Second-Class matter, January 3, 1915, at the Post Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879, \$1.00 a year.
Published weekly by the Leslie-Judge Co.
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Drawn by DON HEROLD
WILL IT COME TO THIS?

So many men come to you to talk about *their* business

*What a satisfaction it is to find a man who can
talk interestingly and helpfully about yours!*

ALL thru the week you are besieged with men who want to use *your* time to *their* advantage. They have many reasons why you should do something that will be of service to them.

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You welcome such a friend; no man can have too many. Hence we feel a satisfaction in being able to add a man of that kind to your acquaintance.

We would like to have you meet and know the representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute in your vicinity.

As a lawyer becomes a better counselor day by day thru his experience with the problems of each new client, so the Institute man grows in value to his friends, as man after man discusses frankly with him the special problems and opportunities of *his own* life and business.

750 business conferences a day

Day in and day out the representatives of the Institute are in personal conference with at least 750 business men in every sort of business.

Men confide in them problems that ordinarily would not be discussed outside the family circle.

"I have been five years in this job and seem to make no progress," one will say. "What would you do in a situation like mine?"

And because the Institute man has known other men in similar situations, he is able to give an answer based not on theory but fact.

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Many men ask *that* question. Too often they think the answer is merely a matter of capital, or of finding a partner, or of being sure of so much patronage.

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You cannot impose on him

Among all the business men in your vicinity the Institute man is unique in this—he can only suc-



ceed as you are more successful. He literally has no interests that are apart from your interests.

He has at his command all the research facilities of the Institute. Do not hesitate to call on him for any reasonable service.

He represents an institution that owes its whole growth and prosperity to the growth and prosperity of the thousands of men whom it has enrolled.

You have probably read some of the many advertisements of the Alexander Hamilton Institute in the leading magazines; and perhaps you have heard, thru acquaintances, of the Institute representatives and their willingness to serve. But do you know what it is these men represent? Have you ever asked yourself, "What is the Alexander Hamilton Institute—what will it do for me?"

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There is a 116-page book published by the Institute just to answer such questions. It tells

what the Institute has done for thousands of successful men, and what it can do for you.

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Exterminating the Fire Rat!

UP until a few years ago, no method had been devised to protect furnace walls from the gnawing teeth of the great heats that modern boilers generate.

The most fire-resistant clays, brick and tile, succumb prematurely to this action, so that boiler plants were forced too frequently into idleness, while the chewed and broken walls of their fire boxes were torn out and replaced by still more food for the fire rat.

To the rectification of these fire clay failures, Johns-Manville has contributed largely, for by research and experiment it has made the science of refractories of practical service to man—an important contribution to conservation and an interesting story as well. The findings are applicable alike to the fire pot in the kitchen stove or to an industrial process of the obscure sort.



Fire Brick chewed out and cracked after exposure to heat. This means shutting down a boiler for days while new Bricks are set up in place of the old ones. Johns-Manville Heat Treatment reduces this shut-down and replacement expense.

TEMPERATURES run very high in boiler furnaces, sometimes exceeding 3,000 degrees F. Even the best materials commercially usable will stand such heat but temporarily.

Fire Brick, built into walls and archways becomes furnace masonry: which is expected to withstand such heats.

But as soon as the "bond" between the bricks begins to disintegrate, crumble or melt, the life of the fire bricks themselves is immediately threatened.

What happens in a boiler fire box

The great weakness, then, in all furnace masonry occurs at these joints between the fire brick. They may disintegrate, due to contraction and expansion or melt or crumble due to direct action of the heat.

Any of these reactions removes the fire clay from the brick joints. It is at the open joints thus formed that heat gets in its damage. Concentrating there, its effects pile up as more and more gnawing, either shaling off portions of the brick; deforming it by melting, or permitting the adhesion of clinker—result, an expensive piece of masonry ruined in a few weeks and a boiler idle for repairs.

The Remedy

By ingenious mixtures and treatments of clays and minerals in combination with asbestos, Johns-Manville has devised a series of cements. One general class to be used as binders between fire bricks and another class as over-all surface coatings.

Of great elasticity, these materials accept brick expansion and contraction without dam-

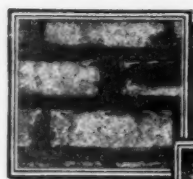
age. They are resistant to high temperatures and retard the adhesion of clinkers. It is this treatment that has improved the life of boiler settings many fold.

So successful has Johns-Manville heat treatment been in boiler practice that the application of its materials and principles has extended rapidly in the last few years, and today includes similar treatments for many types of furnaces and processes where high heats are employed.

A list of these materials is given below, together with other heat saving materials that combine to effect the conservation of power, fuel and equipment.

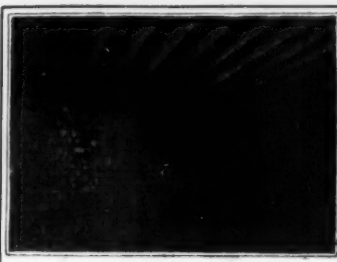
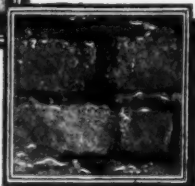
Johns-Manville Refractory Cements: Refractory Cement No. 20; Refractory Cements Nos. 31 and 26 for use between bricks; No. 32 for use as coating; Monolithic Refractory Baffle Wall; Aertite Boiler Wall Coating. INSULATIONS: Asbesto-Sponge Felted, 85% Magnesia, Asbestocel, Zero, Anti-Sweat

and Ammonia Insulation, Underground Conduit Insulation and Insulating Cements.



"Close-up" of fire brick work set up with No. 31 Refractory Cement—Note that the heat has not harmed it—in the least.

"Close-up" of same kind of brick wall set up with fire clay. The fire rat has been at it.



View of a boiler furnace, grate removed, treated with Johns-Manville Refractory Cements. This setting will resist heat, prevent premature checking or spalling and will retard the adhesion of clinker.



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that cut down fire risks
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that save power waste
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Leslie's



Vol. CXXXII. No. 3405
Saturday, January 29, 1921
Established Dec. 15, 1855

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

Published by the Leslie-Judge Co.
225 Fifth Avenue, New York
Subscription Price \$7.00 a Year



Robinson looked at Jones in a puzzled way. "Will you tell us precisely what in blazes you are driving at?" he asked quietly. "I will, and I'll try to put it in words of one syllable, Robinson," said Jones.

The Poisoning Rivers of Ink

By CAMPBELL MAC CULLOCH

Illustration by LEJAREN HILLER

JONES was obviously perturbed. His newspaper dropped to the car floor and he trampled it under his feet. Smith hunched over nearer the window and winked at Robinson who sat opposite him. Even old Carter across the aisle peered over his glasses and grunted in his porcine manner. "Poison," muttered Jones. "Poison in the pure rivers!" and shook his head.

"What's the idea, Jones?" asked Smith genially. "Some one trying to do away with your family?"

Jones looked up sharply and produced something as close to a snarl as any of his friends had seen on his face in many months of traveling on the commuter's special.

"Yes," he responded. "Some one is trying to poison my family; and your families, too. It's as insidious a work as any that the Borgias or the Medici ever attempted, and it's being handled on a wholesale scale."

His three friends sat up in their seats, glanced quickly at one another and then back at Jones. It was Smith who spoke first.

"Just what is the plot of this thing, old man?" he asked.

"You know this is supposedly a free country, don't you, Smith?" Jones queried. "And you're perfectly convinced that the job that was culminated at Yorktown

removed the heel of the usurper from our national neck, aren't you, Brown? And Carter there knows that the somewhat mysterious phraseology of the Declaration—which he has almost forgotten except that part of it beginning 'When in the course of human events—' did something to safeguard the welfare of America for all time to come. Of course, and it sounds great on the Fourth of July. But—"

He paused so long that Robinson cut in with:

"What's the matter with you? I thought you were American to the core."

"I am, thank God," Jones responded fervently, "but I'm a lot worried about the Americanism of some millions of the rest of us. I'm sometimes frightened when I see the things that go on about me, and observe the spinelessness of a lot of invertebrate officials who wink at hyphenism, blink at anarchy, and smirk genially at the poison gas of lawlessness. You men represent the average American. You've got as much real love of country in your souls as a lot of fowls; you prate about your rights,

and you don't see that you are giving away your rights. You howl about foreign domination and think you had got rid of it by burying your heads in a blanket of insularity. And all the time the devilry is going on all about you."

Robinson flushed a turkey red above his white collar. "Look here," he snapped. "I don't let any man impugn my Americanism. Now what are you trying to get at? Out with it!"

Jones laughed outright, and picked up the paper he had dropped to the floor.

"That's the answer," he said as he smoothed out its rumples. "It's a foreign-language newspaper. It contains anarchy, bolshevism, counsel against law and order, socialism, sovietism, folly, meanness and peril! And it is printed within five hundred miles of this city!"

"Well, what of it?" demanded old Carter. "Those people have a right to read their own language, don't they? Besides, who pays any attention to them?"

"Carter, you'll excuse me for saying it, but you're a damned fool," said Jones, quietly. "And the trouble is that you are associated with some millions of other fools in this land. You can't see, and you don't want to see, an inch beyond your nose. You travel between Beechaven and the city in the interest of your coal business, and you

vote once a year—if you're not too busy. And, by the Eternal, you and the men like you are responsible!"

"Now you look here—" began Carter belligerently, but Jones waved him silent.

"There are rivers and rivers of poison being drained into our national life," said Jones, in a deadly serious tone. "You men either don't or won't realize it. You talk about Americanism! What is this Americanism? Is it anything but Anglo-Saxon idealism? Does it stand for anything but the doctrines that were woven into the Declaration? Is it anything but the square deal, human justice, divine right, decency, humanity, reason, God-fearing righteousness, cleanliness, honesty and hope? Does America stand for anything in all the world but that? What was it the men who went through that horrible winter at Valley Forge suffered for? What did the Lexington farmers lay down their lives for? What did Washington's inauguration oath mean? Did Alexander Hamilton build nothing but a mountain of selfishness? Was the democracy of Jefferson just a dream of Arcadia? I tell you that Theodore Roosevelt recognized this menace. As a good, straight, honest American he saw the poison eating at the foundations of the national structure."

Robinson looked at Jones in a puzzled way.

"Will you tell us precisely what in blazes you're driving at?" he asked quietly.

"I will, and I'll try to put it in words of one syllable. Robinson," said Jones. "And I hope with all my soul that you and some of the others of our native stock will wake up and exert what pressure you can to stop what I believe is the greatest menace to our spiritual and national future that we have yet faced as one people."

"This is an Anglo-Saxon country. Our laws are the old Anglo-Saxon laws. Our forefathers were Anglo-Saxons, and they brought with them religion, justice, and a strong nationality. We call this God's country, and there is a force at work trying to twist it into the devil's country. I am talking about the foreign-language newspaper. There are just one thousand, one hundred and fourteen listed publications printed in forty-six foreign languages in this country. What do you know of the material that is printed in those papers and magazines? What steps have ever been taken to discover what insidious propaganda, what vile heresies are spread broadcast through their columns? What of the cruel doctrines of bolshevism that already have wrecked Russia and that are preached through hundreds of these newspapers that not one of us out of a thousand can read? Yet our mails are open to these poison rivers. We protect their propaganda with our copyright laws; we grant them the shelter of our government, and all the time they gnaw and gnaw at the structure that harbors them."

"During the war we did little or nothing to curb the

activities of these journals. Largely because it was impossible to get a force of men to watch them intelligently. Forty-six languages is a tremendous lingual area to watch, and there was a fearful pressure put on the Government departments into whose hands sedition fell."

"But you don't mean to say you think those rags have any effect?" objected Smith.

"I mean to say that those very papers keep alive all the nationalisms that we have been importing into this land by the wholesale. We examine the immigrants that come in for physical disease, but we don't examine their heads inside. We don't know what horrible germs are being brought into our national life by the hordes that are clamoring at our gates. What do you men suppose started the I. W. W. here? The doctrines that made America in 1776? How do you suppose the world looks at a nation that cast a million votes—one-sixth of the entire democratic vote of the country—for a self-confessed opponent of law and order who was then in a Federal prison? What is it that supports such anomalies as that? Is it the English-speaking people, and the English-speaking press? Don't you ever believe it, my friends. What is it that supports the hyphenism that is at work today in our land? Have you ever heard of any other nation anywhere that let the evils of wrong thinking express themselves in riots on the country's most famous avenue; that permits mass meetings to counsel bloodshed to be held in all our principal cities? I tell you the very foundations of our land are trembling. We talk of industrial and social unrest. What is it nurtured on but this foreign poison that has seeped into our veins. We talk of our melting-pot! Go into any city and look at the foreign hordes that clutter together in their national groups and fight off Americanization! Forty-six languages being perpetuated, gentlemen! Forty-six national hatreds and moral obliquities being fostered and kept alive in our very midst, and we talk glibly of Americanization! We show these people our flag and explain our ideals, and the second and third generations of them are as rabid nationalists as the first that left the native shores!"

"But the war cemented thousands of them—" began Brown.

"The war did nothing of the kind," replied Jones. "Those men were drafted into the army and they fought because they had to fight. Some of them did it for gratitude to the land that had given them an opportunity; some did it because they caught a faint glimpse of the glory of our idealism, but they came back and fell under the spell of the workers of evil. My friends, I tell you that so long as the foreign-language newspaper is permitted to spread its poison unchecked, just so long will we suffer from the devilries that beset us now."

"But would you wipe them out?" asked Carter. "Great heavens, man, think of the result of that!"

"No. I would not wipe them out, Carter," replied Jones, quietly. "I'd turn them to our national uses. I'm even willing to admit that some of them may be clean and valuable to us now, but I'd make every one of them valuable all the time."

"How?" asked Smith. "I suppose this isn't all talk, is it?"

"I hope not," said Jones. "I'd think pretty meanly of myself if I said what I did and had no remedy. It is the remedy I had the honor of submitting to Theodore Roosevelt, and which he endorsed as practical; the remedy which I believe he would have helped me present to the nation had he lived. The remedy is this: Penalize the existence of a foreign-language newspaper by compelling it to print a literal translation in English side by side with its own language. Provide proper penalties for violations of the provision, and for mistranslations. You'd soon find that the evil would cease. The game wouldn't be worth the candle. And you'd be doing the rest of the world a service. English is destined to be the world language, just as the Anglo-Saxon race for centuries has furnished the models for good government."

"I would not take away the foreign-language periodical at once, but if people want an imported language, let them pay a duty on it just as they do on imported merchandise of other sorts. And above all, let us know exactly what sort of poison is being introduced into our national veins. I know it doubles the cost of publication, and that is one of the factors that will curb this growing babel of tongues, repugnant to our nation and our ideals. We are Americans, and we speak a clean language. Let its purity be maintained. I say to you men that you can not teach pure, unadulterated Americanism through forty-six foreign languages. The spiritual quality that underlies this nation, that made it truly God's country, can not be taught and maintained in any other tongue than our own heritage, pure and undefiled."

"You'll never put such a curb on free speech," objected Carter.

"That's nonsense," returned Jones. "Nobody wants to put a curb on the freedom of the language of our country. We want to get rid of the slimy things that are crawling under the hidden stones of an alien tongue. We want real, true, honest Americanism, and we can only get it by fulfilling our debt to the rest of humanity, by holding aloft the high, pure idealism that underlies all the relationships of mankind and assures to every man, woman and child that guarantee of 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' which is all that America stands for."

There's Jones's remedy, you Americans. What are you going to do about it?

The Business That Died—and Why

By ROBERT BURNS CHISHOLM

MOST business men know too little of the business they are engaged in, which is one of the reasons that there were 3,500 commercial failures with a loss of \$30,000,000 in the last year covered by the records. As an example of the lack of knowledge of the economic laws there is the case of a certain concern, which shall be nameless, that had for many years done well in the manufacture of a skirt binding; a binding that was vigorously advertised and that was known to and used by every second woman in the country.

There came the day when the senior member of the firm, consulting a graphic chart, observed that sales were constantly trending downward.

"That's due to one or both of two things," he remarked sagely to his partners. "Either some one is invading our territory with advertising of a collateral line, or our sales force is losing its pep, or both."

"Let's jack up the sales force first," said the second partner. "We'll give 'em a good stiff letter and tell them we want results."

"And in the meantime," remarked the third partner, "it might be a good idea to make a survey of the field and see what is going on. I'll tackle that."

A week later the reports showed a tiny spurt in sales, due to the herculean effort of the salesmen. The third partner came thoughtfully into a meeting with a slip of paper in his hands.

"We're up against a fashion change," he remarked. "Our sales are dropping because skirts are getting shorter."

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded the senior member. "They still wear skirts, don't they?"

"But the skirts don't drag, and hence they don't wear on the bottom edges, and so there's no need for skirt binding," replied the younger man.

"Advertising will fix that," said the first confidently. "Call in the Blank Agency and get them to work out a

My Car and the Night

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

WHILE driving my car through the stormy night, my little boy's head falls against my shoulder.

He sleeps, and a great surge of emotion rises in me.

When I saw him at play, when I heard his merriment, no such intimate tenderness overflowed my heart.

Now, though I only feel the light pressure of his small body in the dark, how keenly I realize my fatherhood.

What a gladness it is!

I am made strong by his weakness.

Yes, I am strong. I am proud of my strength to struggle, and sometime to win.

But when, in my turn, I shall grow weary and fall asleep on the Shoulder, I wonder, shall I, too, inspire the Great Tenderness?

I wonder Who or What drives the Car through the Darkness.

campaign to offset the trend toward short skirts. One of us had better run over to Paris to see what can be done there. Now let's get busy."

The business was one that had been doing over a million a year, and it was worth saving. They threw \$75,000 into a quick advertising campaign; the second partner took more money and rushed over to Paris to stem the tide toward the short skirt in the French capital, and the battle was on.

Six months later the business had dropped to practically nothing. Advertising wouldn't halt the downward trend; argument had no effect upon the helpless *coulurière* of Paris. The business went down and down, and finally expired with a deep gurgle.

The three partners did not see that an unalterable law was in progress. It was the law of emancipation. Women were intellectually freeing themselves from the long, clinging skirt, and all the argument and advertising in the world couldn't hinder that. Woman was on the way to the vote and the freer life. The short skirt—that is getting shorter as each day goes by—is probably an initial or midway step to the adoption of the bifurcated garment; perhaps not exactly like the straight bags in which the male biped clothes his nether limbs, but nevertheless to—trousers. Shouts, howls, execrations, vituperation, advertising, diatribe, scorn, ridicule and all the rest of the battery of opposition won't affect that emancipatory process in the slightest.

And just watch the diminishing sales of other feminine gear that is falling beneath the scythe of progress and progressive law. Ask your wife or sister or mother how largely she patronizes the corsetiere and the dress-shield maker these days.

A Lumberjack and a Mechanic Who Won Out

This Lumberjack Founded an Industry

HE was just a lumberjack. He had been born, raised, and had lived in the North woods all his life. When the lumbering around Duluth gave out, he drifted to the logging camps in Louisiana. There he stayed for a few years until homesickness overtook him and he longed for his native hills and pines. His name was Hugo Anderson.

Today this Hugo Anderson lives at Barnum, Minnesota, thirty-two miles southwest of Duluth. He is known throughout the United States as the founder of the egg industry at Barnum, the second largest egg-producing center of the country.

"I was making wages of \$175 per month and board," he said, "at the time when I became so homesick I couldn't stand it. That was twelve years ago. Those were big wages for those days. I used to lay awake nights wondering what I could do if I should throw up my job in the logging camp and go back home. The country had all been logged over, and with the going of the sawmills the conviction had spread that the land was worthless, so far as making a living was concerned."

"I had been interested in poultry for quite a while. Finally I decided that the best bet was to produce eggs for market. Eggs were bringing fourteen cents a dozen at the time, but I didn't let that bother me. The big idea was to get back home."

Mr. Anderson did go back home, and the "big idea" soon turned out to be to succeed at the egg-producing business, rather than merely to gratify his desire to be back.

He bought a little strip of twenty-six acres of land near Barnum, Minnesota, and purchased 2,000 day-old chicks. Poultry had never been heard of in that community before. His neighbors thought Anderson must be going crazy.

"There was an old gentleman living over south of town," said Mr. Anderson, with a smile, "who came up to my father one day, called him off to one side, and wanted him to try and talk me out of 'that chicken notion.'"

"You know I think a lot of that boy," he told my father, "and I hate to see him going crazy this way. He can never make a success of chickens up here in the woods, and he'll lose his mind over it."

"Well, I lost three-fourths of those two thousand baby chicks. I had one round of bad luck after another. And when I stopped to think of having given up that \$175 job to take up chickens, I began to wonder!"

But Hugo Anderson stuck. His lumbering training had given him a stiff upper lip. He had been trained to fight and to fight hard. He kept at the fray.

Today, Hugo Anderson has three large laying-houses on his farm and fifteen smaller houses. He carries

2,500 head of old stock through every winter and 1,000 to 2,000 pullets.

Last year he sold 52,000 day-old chicks, shipping them to every corner of the nation. He sells young pullets in lots of a thousand or more to other breeders. He ships carloads of hatching eggs all over the country and supplies with table eggs the year around, a large department store in Duluth where they command a far higher price than other eggs.

"When I started out," he said, "I had a little wagon, such as kids use to coast down hills in, to haul my eggs to the depot. I couldn't afford a horse. After that I got a horse, and now I have a truck to haul my stuff. My sales from the poultry run from \$2,000 to \$5,000 per month the year around. The average is well above \$25,000 annually. It isn't that I am such a big producer of eggs or breeding stock, but it is because I have been continually forced to bigger things."

"I understood the country here, the climate and chickens pretty well. The demand for my goods has continually forced me to expand. That is the only reason why I have become so big, why I did not continue to produce only market eggs."

Today, Barnum is the second largest egg-producing center in the country. Every town dweller and every farmer in the vicinity is producing market eggs. Even the cashier of the local bank has his flock of one thousand layers!

People thought Anderson was crazy; he was not so sure about it himself. The future was to determine. It has. For his neighbors alone shipped \$60,000 worth of market eggs last year—pretty good for a town of two hundred and sixty souls!

Chesla C. Sherlock.

Glenn Martin's Business System

GLENN L. MARTIN, automobile mechanic, became a millionaire manufacturer of army air-planes in a few years largely because of his ability to sell naked ideas to shrewd business men.

At twenty-two Martin was employed in Santa Ana, Calif., as an automobile repair man. He wanted to own a shop and sell cars, but he lacked capital. At a venture he figured out exactly what it would cost to start his own shop, went to a banker with his estimates, all down in black and white on paper, and obtained \$800 without a dollar of security, except his personality and his prospects.

The analysis he presented to the banker had been worked out very carefully. Martin did not do any wild guessing. He estimated the probable amount of business at a certain figure, and then set down item by item just what would be required to equip his shop. The banker to whom he applied asked many questions, but Martin was ready with his answers.

Just a word about Martin's system. He had made up his statement in the form of a budget, and had put down a definite sum for each item of expense. In other words the \$800 had been "distributed" in a way that satisfied the banker that Martin had thought his project clear through to a finish.

Martin made good with his venture, expanded his business, and in a few years had worked up a profitable repair trade, and was selling cars at the rate of forty a year.

Then the aviation bug bit him. He had read about the Wrights, and decided to build an airplane himself. He consulted his banker, who allowed him to draw money from his business for the construction of the plane. Martin rented a vacant church for \$12 a month, and used it as a factory. He worked nights and holidays. His mother held an old oil lamp for him while he made the airship. When completed the plane was a small affair in contrast with the big machines of today. There were two planes twenty-eight feet in length, and a sixty-horsepower engine turned the propeller which was at the rear in place of being in front. With this plane Martin became an exhibition flyer, at county fairs and other gatherings. He sold his automobile business and devoted his entire time to aviation. Then he made planes for other aviators, and for the



Everybody who knows anything about aviation has heard of Glenn L. Martin. This shows him as he was snapped hanging to the side of one of his machines. At twenty-two Mr. Martin was an unknown automobile repair man in a very small California town.

Government. From Santa Ana he moved to Los Angeles and then to New York. Next came the merger of the Wright and Martin interests, which lasted for only a year.

After the dissolution of the merger, Martin went to Cleveland to start an airplane factory. The Glenn L. Martin field, just east of Cleveland, is now one of the regular landing-places for mail planes and others making cross-country trips.

Martin won the backing of capital in Cleveland just as he did out in Santa Ana when he borrowed his first \$800—by presenting a carefully worked out estimate of costs and probable profits. During our talk he showed the writer the budget book—his "business Bible."

It consists of loose leaves carefully ruled, with original estimates and actual expenses side by side. This way of going about it has enabled Martin to get money in large amounts when he needed it most.

"In developing the use of airplanes," says Martin, "our immediate need is an entire system of laws governing aircraft. Congress should define the status of the airplane soon. We must have traffic laws, liability laws, and rules governing pilots and machines. Give us a suitable landing field every ten miles and the use of the airplane will grow by leaps and bounds."

"There should be a fully equipped airdrome every five hundred miles, with auxiliary fields in between. An airdrome should consist of an open field containing from 300 to 600 acres, equipped with hangars for housing airplanes, and shops for supplies and repairs."

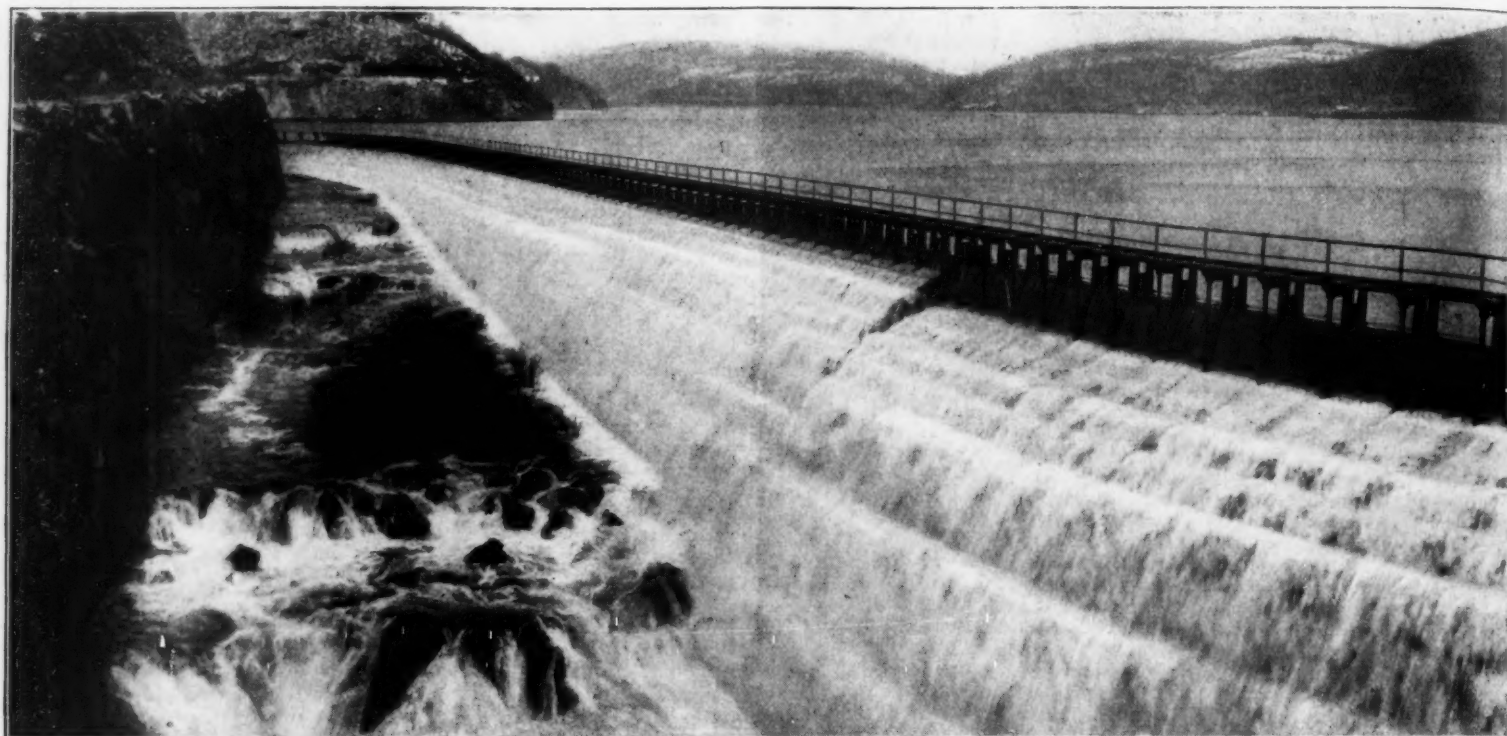
"Air travel is now about where the automobile was fifteen years ago. Then the passenger car was just being perfected, and the truck as we know it was a dream. In much the same way airplanes and other aircraft are going to create new lines of industry connected with the manufacture and maintenance of flying machines for commercial and pleasure purposes."

Albert Sidney Gregg.



Here is a man who, while making \$175 a month, suddenly had a real idea. He acted on it, and today he does an annual business averaging well above \$25,000. His name is Hugo Anderson. He lives at Barnum, a small town in Minnesota.

A Billion Gallons Lost—Some Frozen Ones Saved

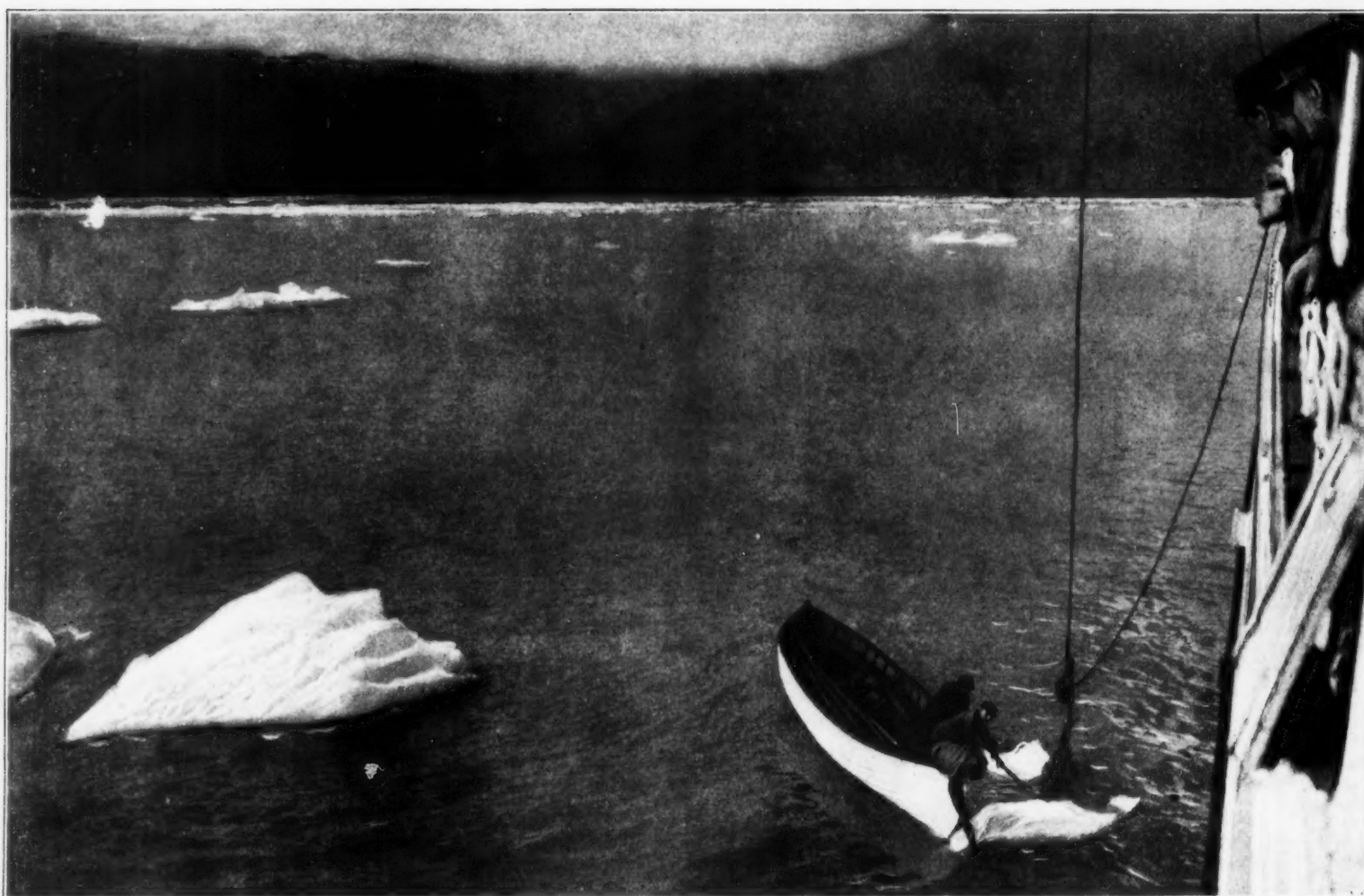


WIDE WORLD

No Need to Request New York's Water Supply to Speed Up on Production. It Is Already Overdoing It

Newspapers abound in sad or glad—according to the way you interpret it—announcement of liquid losses; such as a million gallons or so of alcoholic spirits sentenced to solitary confinement. Here is pictured a water-loss of one billion gallons a day. In money-loss to New York City, it amounted daily to \$125,000. Over the spillway of the Cornell

dam of the Croton Lake reservoir, that much fell to the gorge below, to be charged off by the city to profit and loss. A midwinter overflow is a rarity; its occurrence in this instance having been due to the warm weather. The overflow was equivalent to the volume of water which New York City draws in three days for its six million consumers.



L. N. FREDSON

Ice at Nothing per Hundred Is the Fixed Charge for Alaskan Liners. When They Need It, They Gather It

When thirsty passengers on a steamship making the run to Alaskan ports have exhausted the contents of the ice-chest, it is not necessary to put in operation the ice-making plant. The ship is stopped, a boat puts out, and a few miniature icebergs are swung aboard. The harvest is several thousand pounds of pure Arctic ice, made by Na-

ture in polar wastes, where microbes are unknown. The floating ice of the North Pacific is also of great value to the fishing fleets from Puget Sound and Canadian waters, as the fishermen, with the exception of a month or two in summer, can obtain enough ice on the fishing banks to refrigerate their catches for delivery hundreds of miles to the southward.



"Settlement?" Hardwick leaned forward and looked questioningly into Martin's face. "What are you talking about?" "Why, man, your accident policy! Here's your draft—two thousand dollars."

Policy 618

The Story of an Accident Insurance Payment That Put One Business Man Back on His Feet

By LILLIAN K. SABINE

Illustration by CLARENCE HEUSTON

LITTLE Mrs. Hardwick looked at her husband wistfully over the percolator.

"I wish you would, George," she said.

Mr. Hardwick was wavering. He was in love with his wife after the ancient fashion. Under the spell of her brown eyes he had difficulty in defending himself, even against an accident policy.

"I don't believe in it, dear," he answered. "It's bad business."

"Why?" The wistful note lingered.

Mr. Hardwick spread the last spoonful of orange marmalade on his toast and prepared for argument. His wife was a native of the New England border; she had not escaped its thrift. He was glad of that—glad of everything that was a part of Sylvia. Without economy they could not have married on his income. An accident policy evidently seemed to her an alluring bargain. He must prove the fallacy of her idea.

Hardwick was tall and broad-shouldered. His mother had trained him to walk as if he carried something on his head that had to be balanced. He sat very straight now.

"It's simply a case of throwing away fifteen dollars a year, Sylvia," he said. "I'll take the chances of an accident. I've lived to be thirty-five without one."

"I can't bear to hear you boast, George dear," Mrs. Hardwick answered deprecatingly.

She had delicate features and a fresh, high color. She looked charming at this moment.

"All right," George Hardwick said. "I'll not boast. But just answer me this—how many people do you know that were ever hurt in an accident? Count them, dear."

Mrs. Hardwick held a powerful weapon; the moment to wield it had come.

"Grandfather Bartlett always carried a policy. He was in three railroad accidents," she said. "He hurt his knee once and his thumb twice."

Mr. Hardwick ruminated. "Grandfather Bartlett was lucky," he said.

"You can't be hurt in more than three," Sylvia explained.

"Well, that's a relief, dear."

The color in Mrs. Hardwick's cheeks grew deeper.

"You know what I mean. They won't pay you more than three times."

"Oh, yes," George Hardwick smiled. The discussion of possible injury was unpleasant. He was six feet of athletic manhood; but he shuddered at the thought of wounds. He returned to Grandfather Bartlett.

"Your grandfather's was a remarkable case. One might say, he was lucky. You see the companies are so all-fired particular as to how you get hurt. You can't choose any nice comfortable way; it must be something horrible. For instance, I can't turn my ankle on our terrace here and stay cheerfully in the sun parlor with you for a week. If I could—" he looked at her in just the way that previous experience had proved so successful—"I'd take out forty policies."

The cuckoo clock told eight. Mr. Hardwick rose. A busy day was ahead. But when he came downstairs with his coat on, his wife was waiting.

"You haven't said you would, George," she began again.

"Would what, dear?" He was performing the pre-departure rites; he ran through the list rapidly: his newspaper, his office keys, the samples of a new summer suit Sylvia was urging, and the drawings he had made for his firm. Suburban life is happy, but exacting.

"Won't you see the agent today?"

"Oh—" he countered—"the accident policy. Well, I'm afraid not today, dearie. I have a horribly full day."

Two slender white arms were around his neck; two brown eyes under long lashes begged.

"Not," she began haltingly, "just—just to please me?"

"Oh," feigning surprise, "will it please you so much? Why should it?"

"Well, I suppose it's silly, but I can't help feeling—" her voice trembled—"that if you *had* a policy, you'd be less likely to need it. I think I couldn't bear it if anything *should* happen—" she buried her face against his shoulder. Her tears flowed freely; they did not always mean anguish of spirit.

"Oh, dearest," he said adoringly, "I thought it was all cold business, and I was fighting you on that ground. This is quite different. If you feel this way—and it will ease you, sweetheart—"

She clung to him happily.

"It will," she said softly. "An accident policy will be a mascot."

"I'll do it the very first thing," said he, going at once to the telephone and making the appointment. "Everything else can wait."

"I am anxious," she said proudly, when he had finished, "because there is no one like you in all the world."

He laughed and kissed her.

And, as he looked back at her in the doorway, he said to himself, "No man is good enough for her."

It was not an original idea, but it was very sincere.

Then the remembrance of her anxiety quickened his steps. He caught the Chevy Chase car, and in forty minutes had reached an insurance office in the heart of Washington.

The agent was a Harvard man, an old friend of George Hardwick's.

"Hello, Venus," began Hardwick, using the epithet of college days.

The good-looking blond man at his desk responded merrily.

"Hardy—I haven't seen you in ages!" he said, rising. "To what am I indebted for this visit?"

"To Sylvia."

"Of course."

"She insists on my being insured."

"The wisdom of Minerva," replied the agent heartily. And he proved his own business acumen by having the policy drawn and signed in ten minutes.

"The quarterly payment's a blamed nuisance," Hardwick said, examining the policy. "But I guess, with a new house and a new heating plant on my hands, I'd better let it go that way."

"Oh, it isn't so bad," Martin consoled him. "If you happen to forget—we have a good memory; we'll remind you."

Hardwick smiled, "No doubt of that."

His friend pointed to one clause. "Speaking of memories," he cautioned, "notice this—we're pretty cranky about notification."

Hardwick examined the paper in his hand. "If I'm run down by a street car," he said, "I must crawl back to let you know?"

"Yes—and crawl fast—within twenty-four hours."

"I'll remember," laughed Hardwick. And he was off, with policy 618 in his pocket. Sylvia's mascot—he smiled.

That evening at dinner he found himself surrounded with the dainties he liked best—young roast chicken, cherry jam, tarts and ice-cream.

"If I were taking out a health policy, dear," he said, as he finished his second helping of ice-cream, "it might be more sensible."

Mrs. Hardwick gave him a merry smile. "It is so well cooked," she said; "it won't hurt you."

"How stupid I am—to let you say it first. But all this figuring on knee-caps and collar-bones and ribs—this ninety-nine cents a leg business—put everything else out of my head. I wish I'd learned the bones of my body when I was a youngster," he continued; "then I could compute how much I'm worth *in toto*."

"I know," was her reply, as he drew her arm though his and they walked into the garden. From there they could see the sun setting behind the Virginia hills. He loved that; he had been born in Virginia.

A month later a neighbor lifted the small brass knocker at the little house among the roses, and waited. She was trembling nervously.

Mrs. Hardwick, dainty in French organdie, opened the door. Her face grew white as she looked into her friend's eyes.

"What is it?" she said, terrified. "Is it George?"

The visitor put her arms around Sylvia Hardwick. "Yes," she replied, "he's been hurt. You are to come at once."

The neighbor had feared hysterics; but she found only courage in Mrs. Hardwick's face, who went quietly to her room and was ready for the street in a moment.

"Which hospital?" she asked in a steady voice.

"Emergency. I have our car."

In thirty minutes they had reached his room. The wife went in alone. He was still unconscious. The doctors told her he had been run down by an automobile and seriously hurt. His arm and leg and several ribs were broken; they could not tell about internal injuries. They were very kind and very grave.

She waited two days by the window in his room. She could see the beautiful monument thrusting its slender pyramid into the summer sky, and beyond that the Potomac River and the Virginia hills, *his* hills—

And then he returned; and the woman in her rose to greet him.

He knew her, but he could not speak.

People said her courage brought him back to life. It was a hard fight; but they fought it together with the nurses and doctors on their side. In a month he came home, and from that moment he gained rapidly.

"So good to be home, dearest." He did not talk easily, but his eyes looked into hers and told his happiness. Home—how wonderful it was—with Sylvia!

She gave him every moment. She prepared food that the hospital dietitians could not equal; and from the nurse she learned bandaging and sterilizing and how to prepare dressings. Every waking hour she cheered him with her happy presence. When he slept she was near. Her friends called for her with automobiles. She needed change, they argued. She smiled at her husband.

"They don't realize I need only—you."

In about a month Hardwick came down to the sun parlor looking not unlike a gridiron hero.

"I feel as I did after the Yale game," he said, leaning on Sylvia's shoulder. "If only it could have come about in as good a cause."

His wife helped him tenderly as he took the big wicker chair. "Let's only be thankful," she whispered. "I'm thankful."

With the hand that was not bandaged he took hers.

"Maybe I'm not." He sat in the sunlight, smiling—a fascinating smile in spite of red seams left by the surgeon's stitches. "You're the most wonderful girl that ever lived. I've always known it, but the neighbors haven't. They're just finding it out. You should hear them talk."

"And they've treated us royally," said she. "Our cupboard is full. We've enough good things to last a year."

He started to say what was in his mind. They might need a full cupboard before the year was out. But he checked himself. Sylvia had had so many worries.

Yet he did add regretfully, "No trip to Old Point this fall, Sylvia, and no pergola."

"Who cares?" his wife replied lightly. "We can stay home—with each other."

Still Hardwick was troubled. Sylvia had planned so long for that pergola.

On a day in early September they sat drinking in the soft air and sunshine as it came over the open fields. The postman handed Sylvia a letter.

"Shall I open it?" she asked.

Hardwick nodded.

"Just an ad., I guess," she remarked, casually. "Oh, the Fidelity Accident Insurance—"

Her husband dropped the envelope in his hand.

"Good Lord!" he said, "Sylvia!"

She looked up, dismayed.

"Premium on Policy 618 now due," she read in dazed accents.

George Hardwick threw back his head and burst into shouts of robust, full-bodied laughter.

"It's my policy," he said—"our policy—*your* policy." Sylvia turned to him helplessly.

"I never thought of it—did you?"

"Of course not." He was still laughing hysterically.

"Can't we," said Sylvia, "get anything now?" Her face was downcast.

"Not a penny," he answered cheerfully. "They must be notified in twenty-four hours. I take it," he added with a chuckle, "you didn't notify them, Sylvia."

"I never once thought of it." Her tone was humble, apologetic.

"You're not the thrifty wife I counted on. Let me see," rumpling his hair, "one collar-bone, five hundred; six broken ribs at sixty apiece—make it an even three hundred by the half dozen; one leg at two hundred; one arm, two hundred; three injured vertebrae, three hundred; internal difficulties, five hundred. Two thousand dollars!" He whistled.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," murmured Sylvia. "How much that would mean now." And then after a moment of thought, "But who would think of it—when the whole world was at stake?"

"No one, dearest," he answered. "That helps the companies. Suppose everyone had three unemotional accidents like Grandfather's?"

She smiled back at him.

"Let me tell you what is in my heart." He drew her near and spoke softly, looking deep into her eyes. "If you had left me in that twenty-four hours," he said, "I could never have loved you again."

She would have put her arms about him, but a merry whistle interrupted. Some one was coming up the walk. In a moment they recognized the blond head of "Venus" Martin.

He grasped George Hardwick's hand so firmly that Sylvia winced.

"You must have thought I'd quit you," he said boyishly. "But I hadn't, Hardy. I've been in Texas on business. Came the moment I was back."

"I knew it was something like that," Hardwick answered. "The fellows have been fine about dropping in."

"I'm especially sorry," continued Martin, "that I had to go before our settlement."

"Settlement?" Hardwick leaned forward and looked questioning into Martin's face. "What are you talking about?"

"Why, man—your accident policy."

"My accident policy! You don't mean—I get anything?"

A smile overspread Martin's good-natured face. "What on earth did you take it out for?" he asked.

"To please Sylvia."

The agent's laugh was soul-stirring. "Hurrah for you, Sylvia—here's your draft—two thousand dollars," and he thrust a paper into Sylvia's hand.

"But—we didn't report it," she said faintly.

"We forgot," Hardwick explained.

"Yes, even after my warning! So I reported it myself," Martin replied.

"You reported it!" the Hardwicks exclaimed joyously, duet-fashion.

"Yes—I knew Sylvia'd never think of it again. So I dropped around to the hospital as soon as I heard. Then the adjuter called and interviewed your doctors. Oh, it's straight all right, all right—" and again Sylvia winced as the hand descended on her husband's shoulder.

"You are certainly a brick—a whole wagon-load of 'em," said Hardwick gratefully.

"What can we ever do for you?" asked Sylvia happily.

"Venus" Martin's face beamed like a schoolboy's.

"Invite me to stay for dinner," he said.

"Fine!" agreed Hardwick. "Can't we have roast chicken and tarts, Sylvia, to celebrate?"

"We can have anything we want," she said happily.

"My—two thousand dollars!" Her face was radiant.

"Then it's chicken for me and a pergola for you."

"And what about Mr. Martin?" The thoughtful hostess looked gratefully into his kind blue eyes.

"Just let me stay," said he.

Farming with Mechanical Power, and Its Problems

By RAYMOND OLNEY

Editor "The Power-Farming Press"

DUE to serious price declines in farm products, the buying of power farming equipment has fallen off heavily, in fact to such an extent that manufacturers of tractors and the implements and machines used with them are seriously considering a co-operative advertising or educational campaign to sell the power-farming idea. There is a strong feeling in the manufacturers' group that selling the power-farming idea must be on the basis of the possibilities afforded by farming with mechanical power to reduce production costs. Crop prices have taken a serious drop, and to overcome the resistance to buying power equipment naturally resulting from these declines, it is evident that the farmer must be shown that his salvation lies in the means for accomplishing production at less expense. With proper management on the part of the farmer, mechanical power is much cheaper than

animal power. Its chief advantages are that it enables the farmers to put in their crops and harvest them in a much shorter space of time than with animal power, and at a time when the most favorable conditions of soil, weather, etc., prevail. Power-farming equipment also increases the capacity of the individual workman, thus greatly reducing the farmer's dependence on hired labor.

There is also a widespread feeling on the part of farmers, as is true with other classes of buyers, that prices of farm equipment must be reduced. We have, on the other hand, the farm-equipment manufacturers who stoutly maintain that it is impossible to reduce prices and, in fact, that some prices must be increased. Just what effect this "deadlock" will have on spring buying is impossible to forecast at the present time. It will undoubtedly have considerable; at the same time if

the farmer has the assurance that there will be a demand for all the foodstuffs he can grow the purchases of new equipment for 1921 will undoubtedly be much larger than is at present generally anticipated.

It is well for the country at large to understand that due to the price decline in important farm products farmers have come to feel quite generally that there is an overproduction of farm products and that the time has come for them to curtail production. This, of course, is an entirely erroneous impression in view of the heavy foreign demand for American farm products in addition to our own domestic demands, and unless his impressions are changed and he is given some sort of assurance that he will receive a reasonable return for his labor, curtailment of farm production is bound to result, which naturally means a consequent curtailment in the demand and sale of power-farming equipment.

PICTORIAL DIGEST OF THE WORLD'S NEWS



A Haul That Will Never Be Forgotten in the Frozen Far North

WHILE searching for the Eskimo murderers of two white men recently a Mounted Police party in the far Arctic region of northern Canada were obliged to transport from the seacoast overland a huge boat and a large quantity of provisions. It was planned to haul the heavy load to a point on an inland river down which the pur-

suers intended to proceed at the break-up of winter. A forty-five foot sled was utilized, the total weight of the two-ton boat, the half ton of food, and various personal effects being in the neighborhood of fifty-five hundred pounds. The dogs drew the huge load over fairly uneven terrain for four miles without stopping once—a record-breaking feat.



How Coulon Becomes Immovable

BY simply placing his right hand beneath the lifter's left ear and his left hand on his wrist (as here shown), Johnny Coulon, the American boxer, can prevent the strongest men from lifting him. Paris is reported to be all agog over Johnny's little stunt.

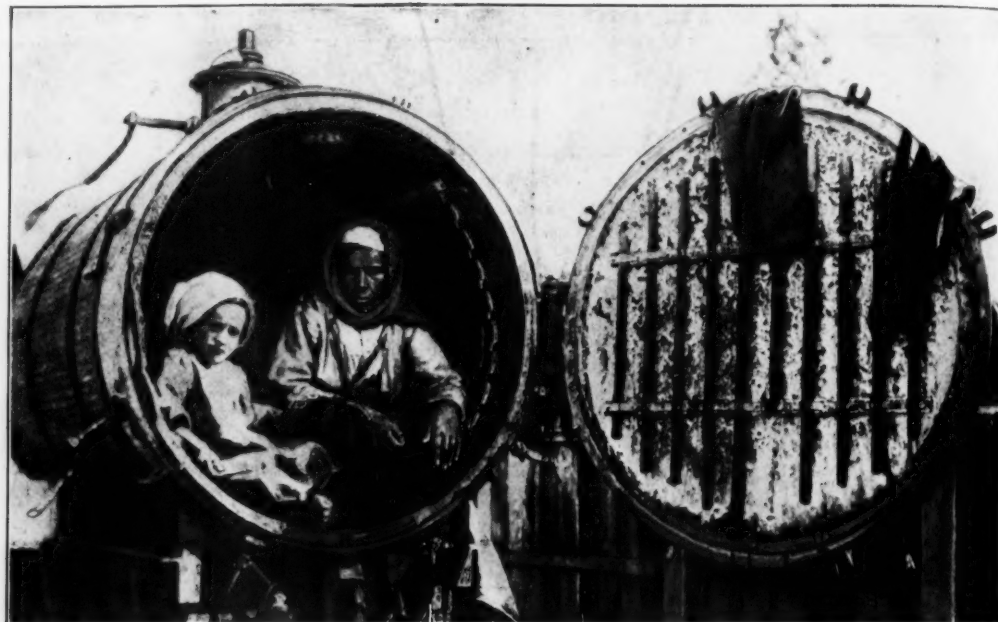


A Bachelor Who Got a Family "Ready-Made"

IMMIGRATION authorities at Ellis Island were in a quandary the other day when Rear-Admiral Newton A. McCulley, U. S. A., reached New York with seven youngsters he had adopted in the Crimea.

"They can't land," said the officials. They *did* land, however, for the big-hearted Admiral promptly secured the necessary permission from Washington. The little ones will be educated before they return home.

Pictorial Digest of the World's News



Yellow Fever Loses Its Terrors
DR. HIDEYO NOGUCHI (at left), of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, who has found a vaccine for immunization against yellow fever.

Among Those Who Need Help
"HOME" for this Greek widow and her children is a delousing machine. Hundreds are living like this in the Near East Relief Camp, at Batoum.



The French Decorate a Fine Soldier

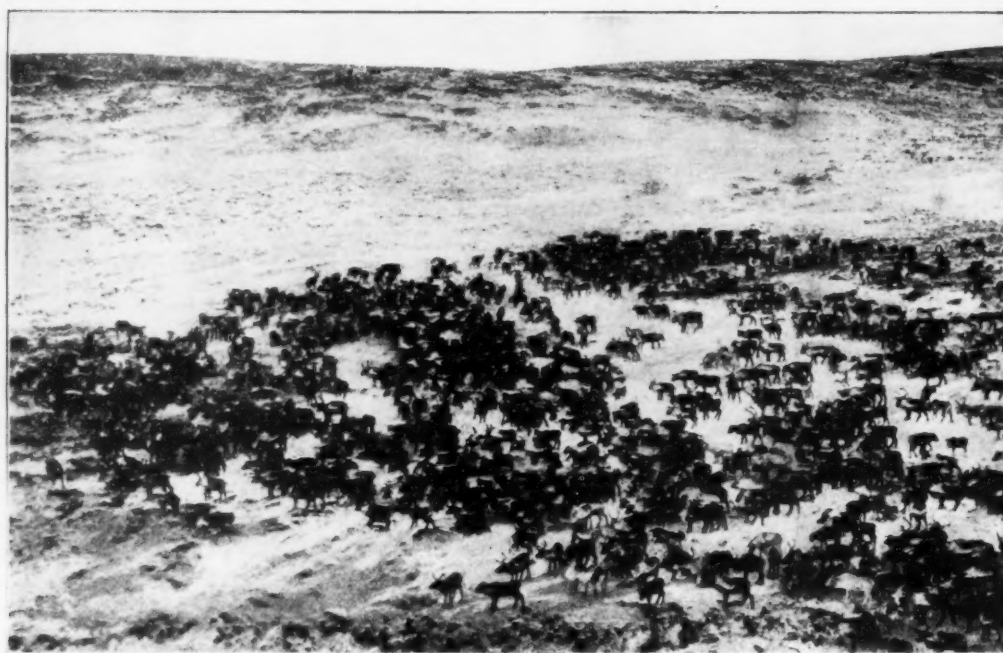
TO many of our "boys" who served in the A. E. F. this picture will bring memories. It was taken just after Major General Henry T. Allen, U. S. A.,

commanding the American forces on the Rhine, had been made a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor by General Degoutte, in command of the French Army.



Foch "Takes It Easy"

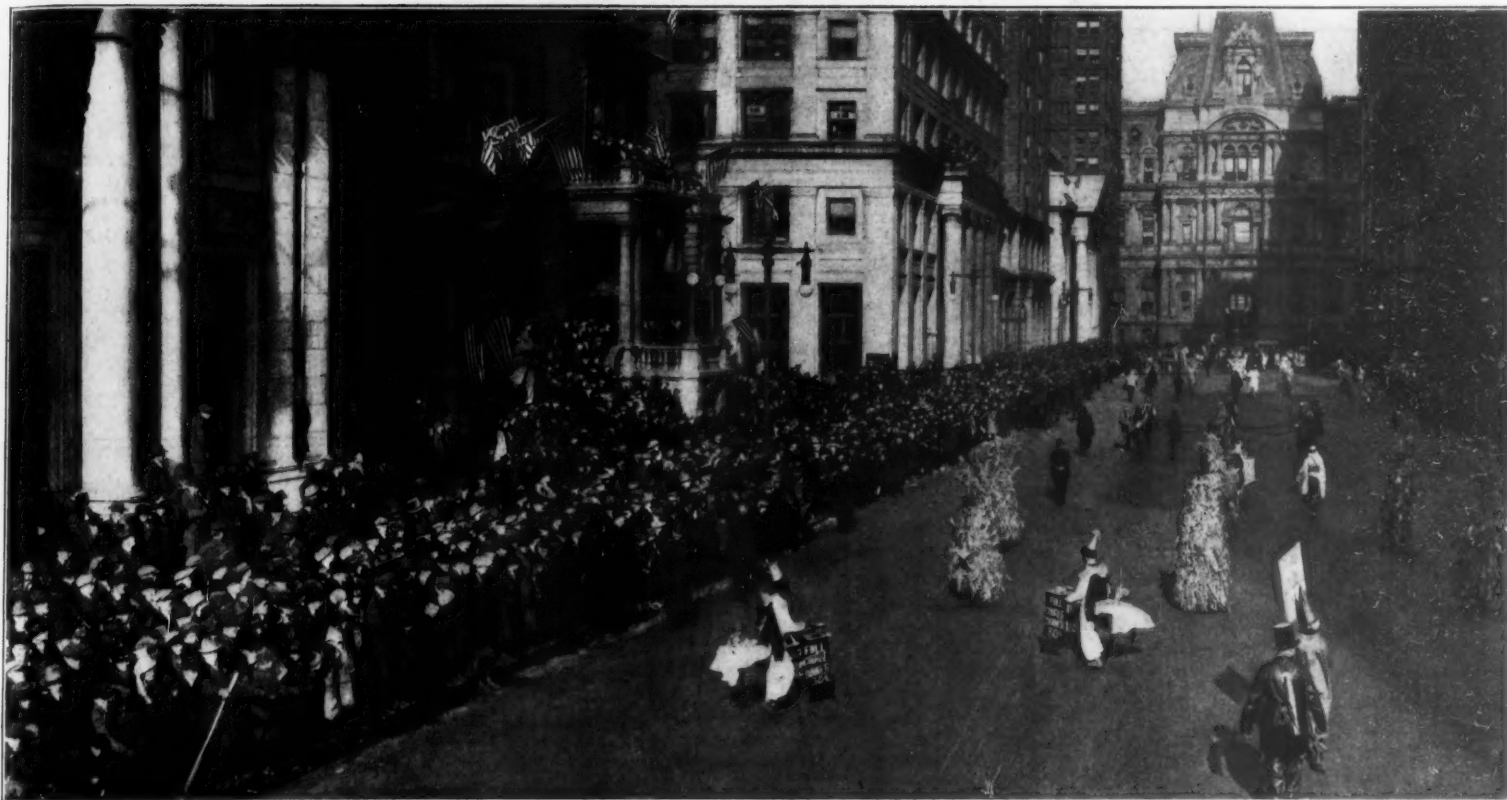
IF any man on earth deserves a rest, Marshal Foch does. Here he is shown trying, for the time being, to forget his varied responsibilities while enjoying one of his favorite sports—trap-shooting. One of his companions on this occasion was Ambassador Wallace, whose home is Tacoma, Washington. Needless to add, the Westerner did not have to be shown how to use a shotgun.



Where Santa Claus Picked His Team

RENDERED desperate by starvation, a herd of twelve hundred reindeer recently invaded the suburbs of Nome, Alaska, in search of food. The inhabitants most inhospitably killed as many as they could, and as a result Nomites will feast on reindeer steaks throughout the long winter. The oldest settlers declare it was by far the largest herd ever seen assembled in one spot in their vicinity.

The Camera's Record of Notable Events

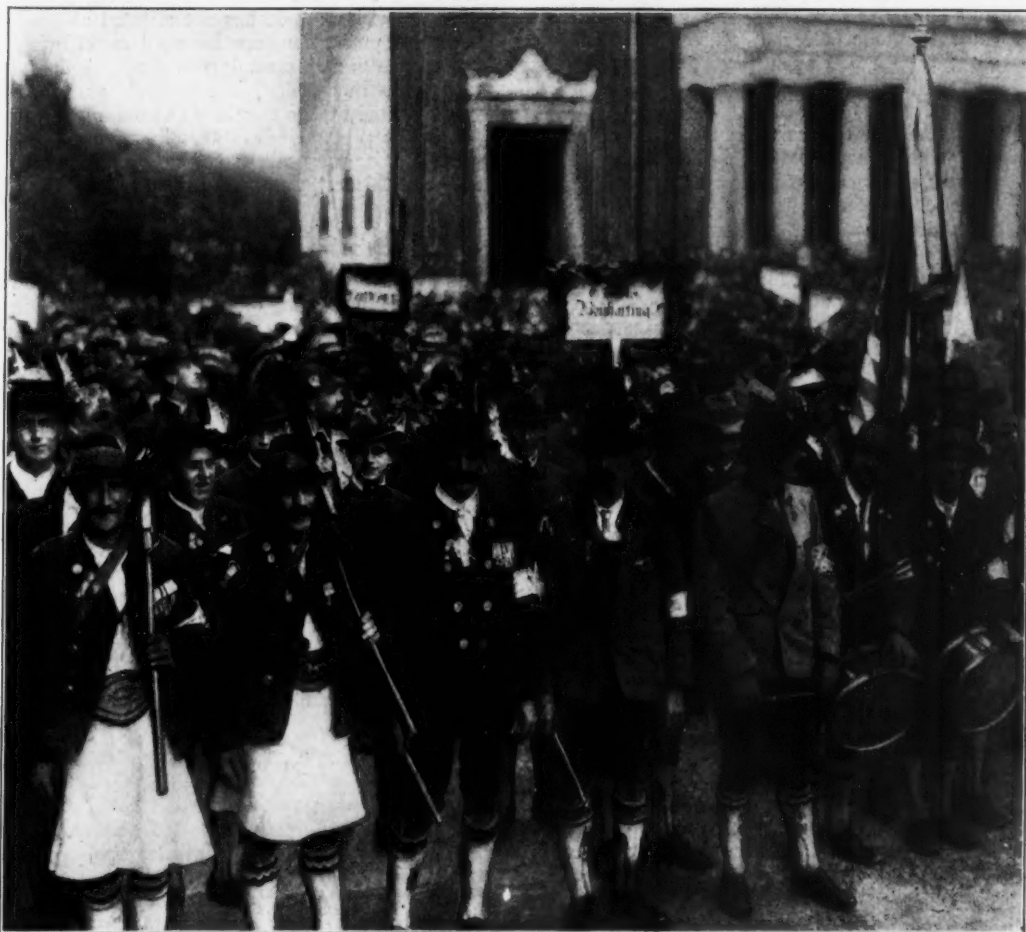


JAMES STICKLEY, JR.

Putting the Question: Is Philadelphia so Sober, After All?

HUMORISTS galore have found fame and fortune by composing wheezes based upon the premise that Philadelphia is a "quiet town," from which the wicked citizen on pleasure bent quietly sallies forth with gay Gotham as his goal. As a consequence there is still current a belief that the Quaker City is a Puritanical spot where joy is not.

Here, however, is a snapshot which proves conclusively that the fine old Pennsylvania metropolis is well able to cast aside its dignity and let joy be unconfined. It was taken the other day on South Broad street during the Mummers' Parade, an annual affair which never fails to score a big hit with the sober and sedate (?) Philadelphians.



KEYSTONE

Bavaria Will Be Ready for the Next War

HAS Germany disarmed? Berlin declares emphatically that it *has*. Paris asserts equally emphatically that it has *not*. The real facts are hidden behind a cloud of words. However, one thing is certain: the Bavarians,

at least, are organizing an enormous number of "clubs" of various sorts. Most of them are drilled regularly, and, if a war should break out again, they could easily be transformed into fighting units. Mountaineers compose this one.



INTERNATIONAL

How Long Can It Endure?

NEW YORK is no place for an obelisk, as this "unconventional portrait" of the famous Egyptian shaft in Central Park demonstrates. Gradually the granite is disintegrating; some day soon it may disappear suddenly.

EDITORIAL

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A Cabinet-Making Suggestion

PERHAPS no domestic problem will more completely test the wisdom of President-elect Harding than his choice of a Secretary of Labor and his decisions as to the scope and policy of the department under its new head.

As now constituted the Department of Labor is in essence circumscribed by the intellectual outlook and economic necessities of one class. While this condition must in some measure be perpetuated if the department is to have any real meaning or function, there is a feeling, which seems to be reasonable, that the problem of Labor relates primarily to more than the rights and duties of workingmen. The public is coming to see that everybody has a vital interest in the welfare of the workers; that the problems of wages, conditions and output reach into and deeply affect the whole economic interests of the nation.

It is this new disposition to think of labor not in terms of a class but in terms of the whole nation that has given to the question of the personnel and policy of the Department of Labor under Mr. Harding a new interest and importance.

A Boston publication, *Industrial Relations*, has recently made a valuable contribution to the discussion by means of a symposium of divergent statements representing the opinions of different interests. The viewpoint of organized labor is summarized as follows:

1. The Department of Labor was created at the behest of the wage-earners, the organic law of 1913 specifically acknowledging this purpose.
2. It is the natural counterpart of the Department of Commerce.
3. Business has its spokesmen in the Cabinet. Labor is entitled to some representation.
4. To change the Department into something different would be to take a step backward, when almost every other country includes in its government a Labor Department or Ministry.
5. Only a Labor man can represent the wage-earners in the Cabinet. Labor ministers everywhere today are appointed from the ranks of labor.
6. A Cabinet post is the only method by which to dignify the ranks of labor and to secure their confidence and effective co-operation.

Those who favor a change offer the following reasons:

1. A Department of Labor can be of greater service only by expanding its present definition and scope.
2. Labor will be better served by a department which deals with industry as a whole and not by classes or groups within industry.
3. Many interests, including those of the organized wage-earners, would be benefited by a wider definition of the Department and its duties.
4. No Department of Labor can be finally and broadly successful which does not win the confidence and secure the support of employers.

5. The combined support of a Labor Department by both employers and wage-earners would make it effective, as it could not be lacking the confidence and co-operation of employers.

We recognize the vital importance of the questions discussed in this symposium. The discussion has not gotten far enough along to settle anything. What we seem to need just now is clear definition and careful analysis.

It may be that we shall discover a fatal weakness in the scope and emphasis of both the Departments of Commerce and Labor as now constituted. That is to say if the Department of Commerce is only and entirely that, it is not large enough to function properly. And if the Department of Labor is for and of and by the wage-earners only, it, too, is not big enough to do what the nation is determined to have done, namely, the lifting of industry out of its present chaos of warring interests into the sane and dignified status of a primal public service.

Perhaps the new administration may have the courage to take both the Commerce and Labor out of the category of class interests and make them over into a national service.

The Treasury Department if reorganized ought to be able to care for the financial interests of the country without farming these interests out among a number of unrelated departments.

The Department of Agriculture logically could be developed so as to care for the first great activity of the people—the production and distribution of food.

And if we followed the same logic we should, perhaps, see the Departments of Commerce and Labor merged, enlarged, and remodeled, so as adequately to care for the second great activity of the nation, the production and distribution of goods of every kind.

In this way there would come about a practical co-ordination of the two chief elements in production, Capital and Labor, and we might achieve a lasting industrial peace.

New York's New Governor Cuts to the Quick

IN Governor Miller, the State of New York has an executive who would rather please taxpayers than office-seekers and party spoilsmen.

His first message sent cold chills down the backs of job hunters. The Governor put his finger on the bad spots in administration of State affairs, recommended certain boards and commissions to be abolished, and listed millions of dollars he hoped to save. There are to be no new jobs or salary increases, but some jobs are to be abolished. Appropriation increases aggregating more than \$58,746,000 asked for by department heads, the Governor plans to veto. When the Governor goes so far as to recommend that it be made a misdemeanor to use a State automobile for anything but State business, he reaches the limits of heartless reform. Mutterings of protest were heard as soon as the Governor announced his program. He will need courage to put it through, and a large amount of tact in securing harmony in the big party majority in the Legisla-

ture. He is sure, however, of the enthusiastic support of citizens, of both parties, whose rôle in government is mainly confined to paying bills.

Shop Where They Chop

IT is time to call off the "buyers' strike." We heartily indorse the "buy now" slogan adopted by chambers of commerce throughout the country. By resuming the purchases of necessities the consumer will be rendering a patriotic service in bringing about the reopening of idle factories and restoring general prosperity to the country. The Chamber of Commerce of Winston-Salem, N. C., in an interesting advertisement for the stimulation of buying says that prices "went up a step at a time and they can't come down the banister. If you wait for 'the bottom to drop out' neither you nor the other fellow may be able to buy then." Prices have fallen a bit, but the drop has not been uniform. It has not affected all lines in the same proportion, nor have all merchants accepted losses in the same degree. LESLIE'S urges its readers to buy today, but to look around and patronize only those merchants who are giving the public the greatest advantages in price cuts. In other words, shop where they chop. Where the chips are thickest, the buying should be heaviest.

Restive Porto Rico

PORTO RICO is growing restless under its existing form of government. President Barcelo of the Senate of Porto Rico says the island wants full state rights or to be made an independent government under American protection. Simultaneously with this comes the report that conditions in Cuba are causing Congress grave concern, and that members of the Insular Affairs Committee of the House are contemplating a visit to Cuba for purposes of first-hand study. The Cuban Minister at Washington has denounced as "enemies of Cuban independence" those who talk of temporary supervision of Cuba's affairs by the United States. The fact remains, however, that the collapse of the sugar market finds Cuba's finances in a deplorable condition. The presidential election is past and the authorities have not yet been able to determine who was chosen president. Meanwhile, the Filipinos, who have responded to our educational program and shown increasing capacity to manage their own affairs, are clamoring for complete independence. What the people of these various islands do not seem to appreciate is the sense of responsibility that the United States feels toward them. That we did not put through formal and complete annexation of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, as we might have done, was proof at the start of an unselfish policy. Our dealings with them during the past twenty years constitute a new chapter in colonial affairs. Our one object is to help them, save them from a trial of independence which might prove disastrous because premature. Someone should sear this fact into their consciousness.

Playing Safe in the Shop

Expert Prevention of Accidents
Puts the Good Samaritan
on a Business Basis



Prevention Has Not Displaced Cure

Accidents still happen in the best regulated factories, but pain and time-loss are minimized by prompt treatment. Upkeep of humans is no longer secondary to machines.



The Injured Man and the Man Who Prevents Injuries Get Together

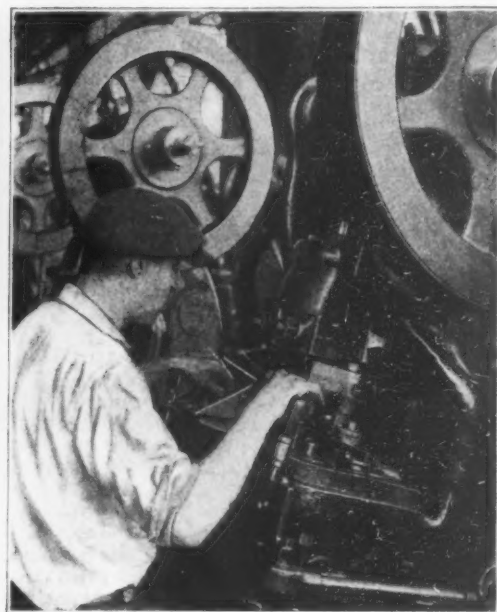
Welfare work or sound, economic sense, whichever you prefer. After the factory nurse fixes him up, the prevention director takes the worker in tow and learns exactly

how it happened. Even more important, he seeks the precaution which may prevent its happening again. Which, in turn, may result in a new safety device.



The Remedy? No More Cotton Waste

Cleaning a revolving brush with a hand-brush. Cotton waste catches in the works and in a jiffy wraps the wire handle about the cylinder. The Result: Painful Bruises.



Here's One That's Foolproof

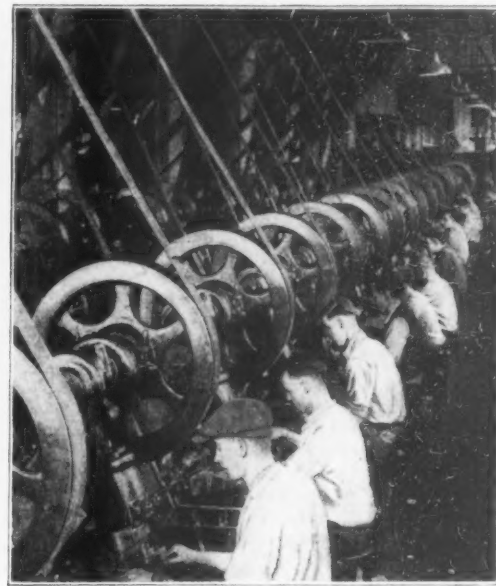
A steel press at which an accident is well-nigh impossible; because the worker must use both hands to operate it. Take either hand off its lever and the machine stops short.



"I'll Show You How," Rather Than "I Told You So," Is the New Idea

A prevention expert instructing a factory employee in the use of a planing machine with a safety attachment. Back of the plank is a fine-tooth saw. The belt-like

device on the table, at right angles to the plank, automatically covers the saw when the plank is removed. It keeps operatives' hands in an excellent state of health.



Idle or Busy, They're Safe

A battery of steel presses, of which one is shown in the picture above. Hands off or on the levers, the workers may feel secure. The owners of the plant may feel so, too.

Foundation Facts

IN order to develop any scheme of life, any economic or political program, which will have the slightest chance of success in the immediate future, it is necessary to recognize and, so far as possible, to understand the following facts:

1. The World is a very different place from what it was before the War. Its entire economic structure has been shaken or shattered. It will be at least a generation before we shall recover a general equilibrium.

Every social and political institution in the world has undergone radical change during the War and as a result of the War. It probably will be a century before the effects of this experience lose their power.

The chief outstanding psychological characteristic of this new time is the consciousness of power which has taken possession of the masses of men. They are being driven to the assertion and exercise of this power without wise leadership and for purely materialistic ends.

There has already developed a vast political unrest and uncertainty, which will burn for decades like a smouldering volcano, if it does not burst into violent eruption over the whole world.

2. The second fact is that the signing of the Armistice, more than two years ago, was not followed by the creation of a just and permanent peace. This, I believe, will take its place as one of the supreme blunders of history. The United States is, even now, technically in a state of war with Germany. The result of the failure to make a peace has been to prolong economic and political uncertainty, until it has developed into a paralyzing disease.

Here in our own country, the Armistice was followed in 1919 by a period of inflation, speculation, extravagance, profiteering, by capital and labor alike, and dangerous pyramiding of credits, probably without parallel in our history.

During 1920 we were engaged in letting the gas out of the bag. We shall spend a good deal of 1921 in the same wholesome process. But it is altogether likely that the worst is over.

3. It is a fact that Industry has become the chief organ of civilization. Unless we can apply the principles of political democracy and of Christian morality in Industry, our civilization will fall into ruin.

4. It is a fact that we are at the close of a distinct period in the industrial development of America.

We have seen Capital organized into great impersonal corporations, which, having been created by law, have gradually been brought under the control of law.

As a result of this development on the part of Capital, we have seen Labor organize itself into a compact, ably led, and aggressive fighting machine. As a result of this organization and the fight led by it, the condition of labor in this country has greatly improved.

During the War organized labor achieved a position of political power which, I am sorry to say, it has not used with marked restraint or wisdom. Between these two great complementary wings of Industry there has grown up a vast misunderstanding.

This misunderstanding has been aggravated by the racial diversities of our American industry; by the shortsightedness, selfishness and lust for power on the part of the employing classes; by equal shortsightedness, selfishness and greed of power on the part of labor leaders; by the widespread infection of a mawkish and stupid sentimentality that looks upon work as a curse and idleness as a blessing; and by the continuous introduction and spread of alien theories of society which had their origin in the fevered conditions of European political despotism and economic inequality.

5. It is a fact that labor and capital, as they are now aligned, led and equipped, could very easily be thrown into a struggle more disastrous and wicked than any civil war.

6. It is a fact, and a fact that I glory in, that on both sides of the industrial issue there is a great company of wise, just and conservative men, who desire to do what is right; who have no sympathy for, or belief in, the crazy notions that are floating through the disturbed minds of so many. Between the Red radical in Labor and the White reactionary in the employing class there is a great company of men, sober-minded, intelligent, with their feet on the ground, and firmly fixed in the principles of common sense and a robust Americanism.

To these we must look for the solution of our problems.

In general terms the problem which we must solve is this: How shall Labor and Capital work together in the service of the community under the control of a common law, so that Labor shall receive its fair share and Capital its fair share of the proceeds of their united efforts.

I said that we had reached the end of an era. I believe that we are already entering upon the beginning of a new era in our industrial development.

One of the most hopeful features marking this new time is the changed attitude on the part of employers



Dr. Charles Aubrey Eaton
Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY

Dr. Eaton's Page

throughout the land, towards the industrial question. I believe that the problems of American industry must be settled within the industry itself; by man-to-man discussion and decisions, without resort to civil war by means of strikes and lockouts; and without a perpetual paternalistic, paralyzing meddling on the part of theorists in Congress or elsewhere. I believe that in industry, as in every other part of human life, the best government is the least government, which means self government; and that if men have not the intelligence and character to settle their own problems by mutual agreement, these problems cannot be settled by external force.

A Californian View

HERE is a suggestive letter from a gentleman in Bakersfield, California. Although I would like to do so, I can not print the author's name because I can not make out what it is. His handwriting is almost bad enough to qualify him for an editorial position. But if his chirography is somewhat uncertain, there is absolutely no fog in his mind. The letter reads:

"I have followed up the interesting articles in LESLIE'S WEEKLY, two, namely—'Banker's Burden,' and 'Can a Wage-Earner Save?' I believe this theory can be made practical. One very important fact was not mentioned in the articles; that is the moral standpoint which a man must take so that he can save. There is, I should judge, fifty per cent. of the people of this great Nation dealing in luxuries which, in my mind, creates an unnecessary field for the expenditure of money. Would you kindly express your opinion on this subject? The quality of a man is expressed in his bank account, and his bank account expresses his morals, is my viewpoint."

There are two points raised in this letter, both of fundamental importance. One lies in the realm of economics; the other is a question of morals. They stand in the relation to each other of cause and effect. Useless expenditure of money in unnecessary luxuries is caused by

Poor Husbandry

SOCRATES taught that wealth is the absence of desires; and that contentment with one's lot is the shortest road to affluence and independence.

When Xantippe, his shrew wife, chased him from the house with a frying-pan, the philosopher used to stand barefooted in the snow and meditate upon the moral value of the husband of a bad-tempered wife.

In presenting this theory for practical consideration it is only fair to say that in America Socrates would not be considered a good Provider.

a lack of moral control on the part of those who thus waste their resources. Thrift, like extravagance, has its origin in a moral condition. So that in the long run we find a good many, if not all, economic questions running back to some sanction in moral law.

Extravagance is a common and serious weakness in our American character. Our money comes easier than in any other country. We get more of it than any other people. And we spend it with a lower sense of moral obligation.

This weakness is not confined to any class. The well-to-do are just as improvident as the poor. We are all prone to "spend our money for that which is not bread."

I do not know what percentage of our people are dealing in "unnecessary luxuries and thereby creating an unnecessary field for the spending of money." But the proportion is too large and must be reduced. No permanent prosperity can come to the American people until they find a way of killing off a great mass of unnecessary investment in useless things, many of them not even luxuries. At the same time the non-producing parasitic classes must be starved out and put to work at something useful.

The trouble with over-indulgence in luxuries lies in the narrow scope of their social service. A lady spends a million dollars on jewels. She alone uses them, and her use of them is limited. For instance, nowadays she would have to keep them locked in a vault in order to escape the hold-up man. The same million invested in boots and shoes would create a social service reaching even at present prices a hundred thousand people.

There is, of course, a legitimate use for luxuries in ministering to the aesthetic nature of men. And it must never be forgotten that in a progressive society the luxuries of today frequently become the necessities of tomorrow. For instance, it is within the memory of men that bathtubs were taxed as a dangerous luxury. Automobiles were looked upon as a luxury only a few years ago. Today they are firmly established as an economic necessity.

"The quality of a man is expressed in his bank account, and his bank account expresses his morals." That is a fine statement of a great truth. Thrift is a moral proposition. It is not mere economy, or saving, or hoarding, or doing without things. It is the intelligent ordering of one's life so that every effort may enrich that life both in itself and in its service to the community.

Duty with no Conveniences

ANURSE was called to the home of a farmer whose wife lay desperately ill with pneumonia. The man himself was down with grip. Two children, the oldest thirteen, had been trying to nurse their sick parents for several days. They were tired out and obsessed with the fear their mother might die.

As soon as the nurse, who was a mature woman, saw the place, she picked up her suitcase and started away. "I get six dollars a day," she said. "These people are too poor to pay me. Besides, there are no conveniences in the house, and who would cook my meals for me?"

When this high-priced professional returned to the exchange from which she had come, she was immediately dismissed and another nurse, also a mature woman, was sent in her place.

This lady would not be able to qualify for the blue-ribbon class in a beauty show. But she had a mother's heart, and she knew the meaning of the word duty. She was not thinking of wages or conveniences, although these are important matters. When she saw the tired, frightened children, she took them in her arms and mothered them. She attended to the sick father. With the aid of the youngsters she tidied up the house; made it look like home again. She gave to the mother, ill with pneumonia, the same skillful, watchful care that she would have bestowed upon the wealthiest patient in the land.

The little boy put his head on her shoulder and sobbed out his thanks because she was "so good to mama." She said, "You dear thing! Don't you know that nurses are servants of God, and it is our duty to help wherever we can!"

It is only by the merest chance that this little happening gets into print. But it contains all the tragedy of human life. Manhood shorn of its strength; motherhood shadowed by sorrow and fear; selfishness as cold and barren as the ice-fields around the Pole; and true humanity, fragrant and beautiful in sweet charity and ungrudging service.

The thing transcends the little farmhouse so "lacking in conveniences." Stamp that small boy with the cruel and cynical selfishness of nurse number one whose price was "six dollars a day" and you have sent out into society a moral menace more deadly than any disease which may kill the body, but is not able to kill the soul. Teach him the creed of nurse number two and you have made of him a real man.

From West Africa to the Furniture in Your Home



The Shipping Department of the Mahogany Business Is Still on a Primitive Basis

If it be true that many hands make light work, moving mahogany logs from the West African jungle should come under the head of mere pastimes. The hands, even the fingers, are numerous and obvious. Felled in the forest of the Ivory Coast, the trees are

rolled to the river and floated down to the sea for shipment, as elsewhere shown on this page. Trees vary in height from sixty to one hundred feet, sometimes attaining a diameter of six. For export logs are squared to get rid of the less valuable sapwood.



Mahogany in the Rough

Mahogany grows where the soil is rich and moist. Underbrush makes handling difficult.



Logs Go Out Largely "Under Their Own Steam"

Mahogany for shipment is persuaded through the lively West African surf by native swimmers, and hauled aboard the steamer by means of winches. Once used largely in shipbuilding, this timber is in great demand among manufacturers of airplane propellers.



Ready for Axe and Saw

Staging is erected well up the trunk to avoid cutting through the buttresses of the tree.



A Raft Whose Market Value Will Ultimately Be Expressed in the Terms of the Furniture Dealer

When a sufficient number of logs have been trundled to the river's edge, they are bound into rafts and brought coastward on the current. At the coast the logs are stripped and otherwise made ready for export. As a bit of history, it is a fact not widely

known that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced mahogany into England, although more people have heard of his sponsorship of tobacco. The weed "caught on" quicker than the wood. Mahogany did not become an article of commerce for 150 years.

ESCALANTE and Castro had grown so heated in a debate over a local political campaign that only blood could atone for the insults. From the duel it appeared that both of them had read Mark Twain. They were still insulting each other as they met sword in hand, but both were shaking visibly.

"Go on, smite him," shouted Escalante's seconds, as neither of them made a move to start hostilities.

Thus encouraged, Escalante made a wild swipe with his weapon, clipping off a piece of Castro's ear.

Immediately swords were dropped, the combatants embraced and the seconds led them back to town, where champagne was opened.



PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

One of the steamers which ply on Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable body of water in the world.

"Do you need another man in here, Glen?" the auditor inquired.

A tall Canadian cashier, engaged in chatting with three other khaki-shirted gringos, looked up.

"Why, we have an even four for bridge now," he replied. "Of course, we can play poker instead—"

"Never mind. Poker would lower the tone of the office work. I'll ship him up to Morococha."

They all looked pityingly at me. Morococha was still higher up in the mountains, with a glacier in its backyard. It was the gloomiest place I had ever seen. Under a sky that gave promise of the daily hail-storm, it was hard to believe this was South America.

Business and Politics in South America

Some Experiences of a "Gringo" in His Search for a War in Bolivia and a Mining Job in Peru

By HARRY L. FOSTER

THE Chileans, while undoubtedly the most progressive people on the West Coast, are also the most aggressive; they are frequently described by their enemies as the "Prussians of South America." It is a common saying among neutrals that the way to tell whether a man is a Peruvian or a Chilean is to slap him in the face. If he steps back, bowing, and says, "Excuse me," he's Peruvian. If he gives you a good thrashing, he's Chilean. When the time came for the popular vote, disputes arose, and Chile continued to hold Tacna-Arica.

This comparatively worthless desert had thus become the theme of every political controversy on the West Coast. In Peru it was always a useful topic wherewith speakers could bring the audience to its feet, shouting, "Viva Peru!" and "Down with Chile!" All office-seekers made vain promises to get it back. The more intelligent Peruvians hoped that some day the United States or the League of Nations, or Santa Claus in some other disguise, would take it away from Chile and return it to its original owners. The others hoped that some day Peru and Bolivia, by combining their forces again, might be more successful.

But Chile turned a clever diplomatic *coup d'état* by hinting unofficially to Bolivia that she might give her access to the sea through the former Peruvian territory of Tacna-Arica. Bolivia leaped at this chance to get her much desired port. Peru resented it, since she still claimed the territory as her own and felt that Chile had no right to suggest giving it away. Peru and Bolivia forgot their old alliance. Lima and La Paz exchanged sharp notes. Peruvians were mobbed in Bolivia, Bolivians were mobbed in Peru, and both countries, equally matched with five thousand soldiers each, talked about going to war.

To get the facts I caught the first steamer for Mollendo, whence a railway crosses Peru to Lake Titicaca and La Paz.

On board my steamer was the Bolivian Minister of Hacienda—the equivalent of our Secretary of the Interior. He was returning from a visit to the United States, but because of the international flare-up he thought it best to continue past Mollendo to Chilean territory. But curiosity led him to go ashore. As is the case at most West Coast ports, the steamer merely anchors in the open sea at Mollendo, but we leaped into a tossing rowboat and were pulled across the big waves and hoisted in a chair to the dock.

The Minister was not recognized until he returned to find another rowboat to re-embark. Then some one raised the shout of "Spy!" and a mob surrounded him. None of the boatmen would put him on board. He made his way to police headquarters, followed by the mob. Here the police officials sent him

THE third of Mr. Foster's articles on conditions in Latin-American countries, this story of the way affairs are conducted in Bolivia and Peru will furnish both information and entertainment to those who are interested in our easy-going sub-equatorial neighbors.

back to the dock under escort, and commanded a boatman to take him to the ship.

But when he reached the steamer there was a heavy swell on the sea, and he had to leap and catch the ship's ladder. The boatmen sat back until he balanced himself for the leap, and then suddenly backed water. He caught the ladder, but sank to his neck in the water.

"Viva Peru!" screamed the crowd on the dock.

EVERYTHING travels slowly in Peru, including war correspondents for papers that cannot afford special trains or airships or similar facilities. The Bolivian capital was three days distant from Mollendo by rail, but during the journey one had to take a boat across Lake Titicaca, on the boundary, and it was a week before I could get one.

I regretfully killed time by going to Cuzco, the old capital of the Inca empire. Cuzco is one of the interest-

ing places in South America, and it was contrary to my principles to visit interesting places, particularly those famous for their antiquities and cathedrals and such things, but I spent a day rambling among its ruins under the guidance of a kindly American rector of the local university, who pitied me because I did not care who carved the altar in the monastery.

But the visit was not entirely in vain. As I was smoking cigarettes on the throne of the Incas at the ancient fortress of Sacsahuaman, I beheld a party of two dozen distinguished-looking gentlemen in high hats approaching with a pair of weapons that resembled the cavalry sabers of Napoleon's time. It seems that Señor Escalante, editor of *El Comercio*, and Señor Castro, editor of *El Nacional*, both of Cuzco, were about to settle an editorial quarrel upon the field of honor.

I had already noted that newspaper men in Latin America invariably carry canes. I had at first supposed that they did so for the sake of dignity, but after reading the editorials, I decided it must be for self-defense. Every Latin-American city, no matter how small, has half a dozen sheets published not as commercial ventures but as organs for the saying of mean things about each other.

Escalante and Castro had grown so heated in a debate over a local political campaign that only blood could atone for the insults. From the duel it appeared that both of them had read Mark Twain. They were still insulting each other as they met sword in hand, but both were shaking visibly.

"Go on, smite him," shouted Escalante's seconds, as neither of them made a move to start hostilities.

Thus encouraged, Escalante made a wild swipe with his weapon, clipping off a piece of Castro's ear.

Immediately swords were dropped, the combatants embraced each other, and the seconds led them back to town, where champagne was opened.

Dueling is by no means limited to petty editors. During the last presidential campaign in Chile, according to a well-authenticated inside story, Don Arturo Alessandri, then the candidate of the Liberty Party, after a slight dissension with Don Guillermo Rivera, another politician, challenged him to a duel to take place near the famous monument of the Christ of the Andes in the Cordillera.

Disguised with false whiskers, according to the story, Alessandri and his seconds sneaked out of the capital, closely shadowed by the police. The meeting was to take place at 3 p.m. At 3.20, Señor Rivera not having made his appearance, Alessandri started back toward town. On the way he encountered Rivera, but on another road just across a ravine.



PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

The llama is the camel-like burden-bearer of the Andes, and one of the few animals able to stand the rigor of these high altitudes. The *cholo* dearly loves his llama.

"Why didn't you come out to fight?" demanded Alessandri, shouting across the ravine.

"How could I?" demanded Señor Rivera. "Your agents bought up all the mules so that I couldn't get there."

BY the time I reached the Bolivian capital, the threatened war had subsided. Our State Department had sent a note to both Bolivia and Chile, warning them that it would look with disfavor upon any interruption to the peace of the Pacific Coast. I was disappointed. For months I had been chasing revolutions around the tropics, and all I had seen was the partial loss of one ear.

Also, there was no need to enter the country incognito, which further spoiled the romance. All I saw in La Paz to indicate trouble were a few broken windows in the Peruvian embassy and one wrecked newspaper building. One of the popular out-door sports in Latin America is the wrecking of newspaper buildings. This paper had published an editorial protesting against the desertion of the old alliance with Peru, and had been immediately mobbed.

I spent a week in La Paz. It is the highest and most colorful capital in South America. Situated on the high plateau of the Andes, with a population composed almost entirely of Indians, who squat in brilliantly colored rags before modern stone buildings, it is a city of contrasts, and decidedly picturesque.

Some few Americans feared an outbreak of anti-American sentiment as a result of the State Department's apparent defense of Peru, and I waited to see it. One Saturday afternoon I heard a sudden yelling and shouting in the street outside my hotel, and ran out to see what was happening. In the plaza Indians were upon their knees with bare heads, staring aloft in terror. The white population was dancing and hurling hats in the air and shouting: "Viva los Americanos!"

The cause of the demonstration was a tiny speck circling far up in the sky. For years aviation had failed at La Paz, owing to its extreme altitude. An American aviator, Captain Donald Hudson, brought to La Paz by the Bolivian government, was making the first flight that had ever been made there, and the Bolivians were wild with joy. When the aviator shut off his motor, the populace screamed aloud that the machine was broken. When the whirr-r began again, hats sailed once more into the air. As he spiraled down toward the landing-place on a high plateau above the city, youths outbid each other for the city's dozen taxicabs, and the road to the aviation field became black with people rushing up to welcome the hero. They bore him down in triumph, while all the leading men made flowery speeches from balconies along the line of march.

That night champagne flowed in the restaurants, and all La Paz toasted the Americans. Three of us at my hotel, all ex-service men wearing army raincoats similar to Captain Hudson's, were mistaken for other American aviators, and became the center of a further demonstration. Instead of being mobbed, we were carried about town in a torchlight procession.

The next day a newspaper came out with the statement in large type: "All we lack now is a battleship." Some of the jingoes began talking war with Peru again, but nothing materialized.

FROM La Paz I went down through the disputed desert to Arica. Anti-American feeling was running high in Chilean territory as a result of the State Department's note. Chile resented the imputation that her secret diplomacy was behind the Peru-Bolivia controversy, and in several Chilean cities American property was menaced. The American business men of Santiago and Valparaiso had saved their faces by repudiating the State Department's attitude and defending Chile.

By the time I landed again in Lima, new developments had occurred back in La Paz.

"Did you hear anything about a new revolution while you were there?" asked the editor.

"Not a word. Every one was shouting 'Viva Presidente Gutierrez.'"

He showed me the latest despatch. Bautista Saavedra, the editor whose building had been destroyed for his pro-Peruvian editorial, had overthrown the president and run him out of town. Bolivia was once more yelling "Viva Peru!" and "Down with Chile!"

And still we are told daily that comic opera has passed out of Latin-American history!

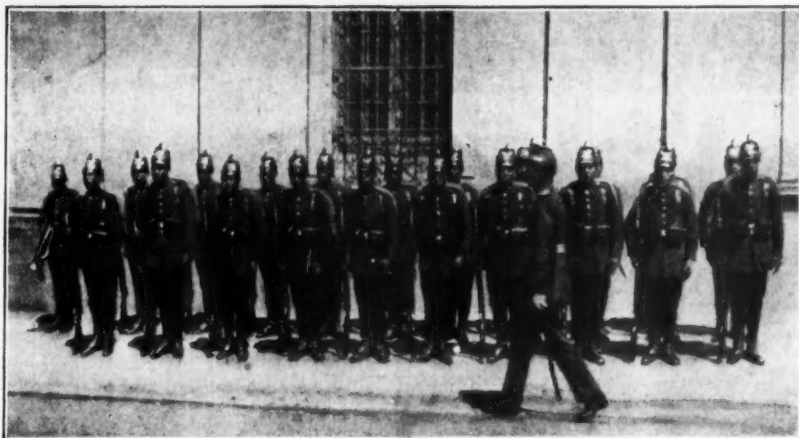


PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

Bolivian soldiers who, if a trifle round-shouldered and perhaps a little lacking in that stiffness of carriage which goes with military precision, are none the less effective in aiding a new president into his job or routing an old one out of it.

FORTUNATELY it seldom hurts any one. Today, as I write this, I can read of more crimes committed yesterday in New York City than ever took place in one day in Mexico. In the *opera bouffe* I have just described no one was injured, and not an American penny was lost, although many an American with property or business interests in the three countries was worried. But the changeableness of Latin-American politics, both international and domestic, makes these countries a dangerous place for the investor who does not understand the political game and play it, keeping always on the right side of the fence, but being prepared to leap quickly to the other side.

There will always be a certain amount of humor in the politics of the Latin republics. It is ingrained in the character. An excess of personal pride which makes defeat hard, a lack of the sportsmanship which we develop on the baseball diamond—this is at the bottom of their quarrels and revolutions. The action of Señor Pueyrredon, of Argentina, in walking indignantly out of the League of Nations Assembly because his demands were refused, was fairly typical.

If our Republican Convention at Chicago had taken place in Latin-America, President Wilson would now be in some other country planning a counter revolution.

Then again the fact that this did not happen constitutes comic opera from the Latin viewpoint.

MINING in South America, in a country like Peru, is a big man's game—an undertaking for a large corporation capable of building its own railroad and its own cities, and establishing homes and clubs to make life livable for employees who must endure



PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

Like the ancient coracles of Great Britain, these native rafts serve all the purposes of minor water transportation on Lake Titicaca.

the bleakness and the loneliness and the heartbreaking altitude of America's highest mountain range.

Such a concern is the Cerro de Pasco Copper Corporation, for one of whose seven big camps I was bound as a new employee, with vague instructions to "report to Clark at the Smelter."

The American-built and British-operated Central Railway of Peru, which carried me up into the Andes over many bridges and switchbacks and through numerous tunnels, is the chief engineering marvel of Peru, and the highest railway in the world, if not the most picturesque.

Barely had the low Moorish roofs and the innumerable church towers of Lima disappeared behind me than I beheld bamboo huts with thatched roofs, surrounded by groves of tropical bananas. As we ascended into a cooler climate the cane dwellings became hovels of mud, and finally crude shelters of stones stuffed with bunch grass, while the tropical vegetation dwindled to hardy cactus, and finally to scant yareta moss. The mountains, at first mere brown hills, grew to majestic masses of rock, and then to towering peaks, tinged with the snow of eternal tropic-defying winter.

The indolent, white-collared Peruvians of Lima disappeared from the station platforms, now lined with stolid red-cheeked Indians, stocky in build, but dull-eyed and forlorn-looking—the downtrodden descendants of the Inca race. These Indians, locally called "cholos," squatted cross-legged in the usual native style, the men wrapped in dull brown ponchos, the women swathed in a score of brilliant-colored skirts that left one effectively in doubt as to whether the wearer were fat or thin.

Their hair hung down the back in coarse, greasy braids, topped by mannish felt hats. Each woman carried a huge bundle of rags upon her shoulders, from the top of which peered the solemn, unsmiling face of a baby—a baby that neither cried nor laughed, as though it already realized the drabness of the life before it in these dreary altitudes, and had accepted the future with the stoic fatalism of its parents.

As the train climbed into the higher valleys, we passed droves of llamas, the camel-like burden-bearers of the Andes, slowly plodding over the zigzag trails, followed by a barefooted *cholo*. The llama is one of the few animals that can stand the rigor of these high altitudes, or subsist upon the scanty bunch grass that constitutes the only available fodder. Yet, as we mounted higher toward Ticlio, the highest point on the railroad, and the highest reached by any railroad, even the llamas became scarce. The last traces of moss and grass died out, the rarefied air began to sting the nostrils, hail beat upon the car windows like a shower of pebbles, and when one scratched a peep-hole on the frosted pane, glaciers and snowdrifts were visible, although we were but a few degrees from the equator.

IT was late afternoon, after the high point had been passed, and the great bleak central plateau of the Andes reached, that the train, its passengers suffering from *soroche*, or mountain sickness, pulled finally into Oroya, one of the Cerro de Pasco camps. Here among the Indians on the platform were many red-faced Americans, robust fellows in corduroy breeches and flannel shirts, like the miners of the Old West, who swaggered in a self-confident manner through the crowd, clearing a passage when necessary by shoving the Indians aside.

Usually an Indian so pushed immediately raised his hat and murmured an apology. The Andean native, when sober, is most docile and humble. Also, it has long been the unwritten law of the mining camps that no American boss shall take insolence from an Indian. Several times during subsequent weeks I saw a gringo boss leap from a motor truck when defied by an insolent *cholo*, and knock him down. This custom has been much criticized in Peruvian newspapers, which are always ready to comment on gringo "brutality," but it is the one practice which maintains the white man's authority and makes him safe in a crowd of drunken natives that outnumber him by a hundred to one—for the drunken Indian is neither docile nor humble. An American who submits tamely to impudence from the *cholos* is apt to be run out of camp by his own fellow-countrymen as a menace to the prestige of the rest.

One must not leap to the conclusion that the big American companies exploit their labor. On the contrary, I found during many months in Peru that they pay higher wages and show much more consideration for the welfare of their native employees than do the Peru-

(Concluded on page 134)

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

PROFESSOR ALBERT A. MICHELSON, of the University of Chicago, has put Betelgeuse, of the Constellation of Orion, on the measuring stool and gone around it with a tape-line. Result: Betelgeuse is announced to have a diameter of 260,000,000 miles, and to be 27,000,000 times larger than the sun. It is so far away from the drying pea which we call Earth that the distance is computed in light-years. It is 150 light-years off. That is, a ray of light speeding from Betelgeuse at the rate of 186,000 miles a second would be 150 years on the way.

Let us assume that a lively little splinter of light shot out of Betelgeuse just as John Hancock had finished his vigorous signature to the Declaration of Independence in 1776. By the time Washington had Cornwallis cooped up in Yorktown in 1783, said splinter was warming up to its work. The War of 1812 saw it—saw is used figuratively—striking a nice gait through space. The Era of Good Feeling found it feeling good. It was in no sense disheartened by the prospect of competition from locomotives about 1830. The trying times, twenty or more years, which culminated in the Civil War, disturbed it not at all. It slid placidly through the Panic of '73. The Philadelphia Centennial in '76, the one-hundredth anniversary of its start went unnoted by this offspring of Orion. On a beeline it came through the era of Roosevelt. Not even Schrecklichkeit delayed it. And a little more than five years from now—on July 4, 1926—it will get here. That's how far Betelgeuse is from us.

Twenty-seven million times bigger than

A Giant that Dwarfs the Sun

AN achievement so momentous as to stagger scientists and laymen alike was the recently announced discovery by Professor Albert A. Michelson, foremost authority on the subject of light, of a method of measuring the diameter of stars. Few men, comparatively, have grasp enough on higher mathematics to comprehend the working of the Michelson method, but all, even the lowliest, must be impressed with the initial result. We read in the Book of Genesis of "two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, the lesser light to rule the night." Professor Michelson has no quarrel with the author of Genesis; the sun, it is still admitted, rules earth's little day; but trillions of miles off in infinite space there is a "greater light" than our sun; twenty-seven million times as great, according to the



the sun! Our sun that we've looked up to, and been so proud of. Professor, how could you? A lot of us will never be the same again.

When the runaway balloon from Rockaway Point reached the Canadian wilds about James Bay, "the native Indians stood in open awe, the older members of the tribe chanting prayers." Let us not smile or otherwise flaunt our superiority over these simple children. Talk about simple children! We ourselves will fall down and worship almost any gas-bag that comes along.

ELEPHANTIASIS

THERE is going to be a heap of competition henceforth for the job of carrying water to the circus elephant. Likewise, to the camel. In a Chicago Grand Jury room, the question arose of how much liquor can be legally prescribed for an ailing camel or elephant, and as the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe" remarks, "It's a nice point. We don't remember ever having met it before." It follows, of course, that what would be

ample for a man would be futile, medically, for an elephant or a camel, especially since the latter has eight stomachs, more or less, and might have acute indigestion in the whole octet. But, to pursue the subject, what would be a moderate and presumably a legal dose of spirits for an elephant or a camel would be a real party for a man. Hence, the increased attractiveness of the job of chaser-carrier to the animal tent. There would always be a chance that one of the elephants had hypochondria. Slip a sick elephant a couple of peanuts when his trainer wasn't looking, and he'd let you have a whole pail of old-fashioned cocktail. Little boys, carrying water for the elephants is no job for you any more.

The super-jollier who writes their advertising copy compares the golden apples "in the Garden of the Hesperides" with those served, baked, in the Childs restaurants. They must serve other Hesperian fruit there, too; on no other basis can we account for a bill-of-fare charge of fifteen cents for four (4) stewed prunes.

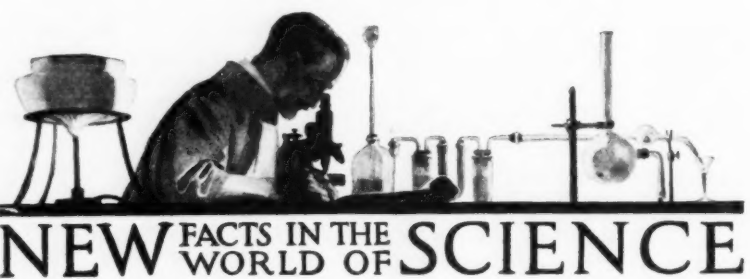
POLITICAL ECONOMY

Q.—How does "the party worker" take all the current talk about economy in public administration?
A.—He takes it hard.
Q.—Is he not influenced in his views by the need of going slow; of cutting down expenditures; of doing away with superfluous help in Government offices?
A.—He is not. His sole idea is What is there in it for me?
Q.—What is it he wants?
A.—A padded political job.
Q.—But suppose there are not enough necessary jobs to go round?
A.—Then make some jobs which are not necessary; and make enough.
Q.—But suppose this puts an unbearable burden upon the tax-payer?
A.—The tax-payer, being used to it, should worry.
Q.—But will the party worker's motto never be, Service? Will it always be, Self?
A.—(Laughter.)
Q.—What would happen to a political party which ignored the demands of its party workers?
A.—It would find itself without any party workers for the next campaign.

SENATOR BORAH objected to the expenditure of a tenth of a million dollars for Inaugural festivities. He would have limited the amount to be spent to \$10, "which would be enough to pay the President's automobile fare to the Capitol and back." Five dollars for the distance between the White House and the Capitol? No reduction on an excursion fare? Those Washington taxi-drivers are a grafting set!

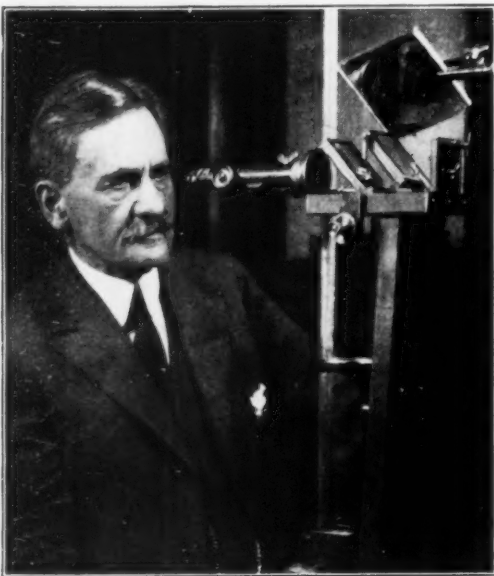
Sending a Taxi "Alarm"

GERMANY is back in the field of invention. That is, Germany is announcing the appearance of something other than a new kind of poison gas or a more devilish type of flame-thrower. These things monopolized Teuton inventive genius for several busy years, but now the creative tide appears to have turned. Germany's latest contribution to the world's convenience is a slot-machine for use in hailing taxicabs. Many of them are already doing service in Hamburg. The method of using them is not complicated, and may be readily understood by anyone who has ever bought a piece of gum. A cross between a telephone and a fire-alarm in theory and practice, the taxi-call signal is received at a central station and a cab is dispatched forthwith to the box from which the call came.



Michelson calculation. This light, or giant star, Betelgeuse in the astronomical catalogue, is on nightly display as a particularly brilliant sparkler in the Constellation of Orion, in the eastern sky. Were it as close to Earth as is the Sun, there would be room for nothing else in our visible heavens; its diameter, freshly measured, being 260,000,000 miles. That of the Sun is but a scant 266,000. Not even a populace used to war-loan drives, which dealt in millions, can scan such figures unmoved. The mind of the astronomer alone is calm. To numb the intellect further, there is the detail of Betelgeuse and its bulk in relation to our good neighbor, Mars. The solar system, as laymen understand it, has the Sun for its center. Circling about the Sun, and nearest to it, is Mercury. Next is Venus; and after Venus, Earth. A still greater circle about the Sun is the orbit of Mars; and this Martian orbit, which includes the orbits of Earth, Venus and Mercury, Betelgeuse would all but fill with its colossal mass. Its distance away? Astronomers spare us that. They make their estimate, not in puny, inadequate miles (inches would be almost as serviceable), but in "light-years." Betelgeuse is one hundred and fifty light-years distant. That beam which through the winter sky flashes at you tonight has been one hundred and fifty years en route through space; and touring continuously at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. Light rays leaving Betelgeuse while you watch it will charm earth-folk with their brilliancy in the year 2071.

The results of Professor Michelson's researches—he had been at work on the principles of his device for a number of years—were communicated to the scientific world through a paper read before the American Physical Society in Chicago. The paper bore the title, "The Application of Interference Methods to Astronomical Measurements." In the highest degree technical, it dealt with the achievements of the Interferometer, a Michelson invention.



Professor Albert A. Michelson, whose perfected device for measuring stars makes the sun a mere speck in space. It would take 27,000,000 suns to equal Betelgeuse in bulk



"Stricken Germany" is not reduced to the point where it cannot afford taxi-hire. This slot-machine, just introduced in Hamburg, will bring you a cab while you wait.

Has This Ever Happened to You?

If you were a guest at dinner and you overturned a cup of coffee, what would you do? What would you say? Would you turn to the hostess and say "I beg pardon"? Would you offer your apologies to the entire company? Would you ignore the incident completely? Which is the correct thing to do?

To be able to do and say the right thing at the right time is the badge of culture, and the man or woman who has that power is indeed an individual of polish and poise.

What Do You Know About Introductions?

To establish an immediate and friendly understanding between two people who have never met before, to make the conversation flow more smoothly and pleasantly, to create an agreeable, harmonious atmosphere—that is the purpose of the introduction. A correct, courteous conversation—making an introduction is an art itself, and reflects refinement and cultivation on the person who is the medium.

How do YOU introduce two people? Do your introductions create a pleasant, easy atmosphere, or one that is uncomfortably strained?

Try this simple test and see what you really know about the art of introduction:

Mrs. Brown and Miss Smith have met at your home for the first time. Would you say, *Mrs. Brown, meet Miss Smith, or Miss Smith, meet Mrs. Brown?* Would you say, *Miss Smith, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Brown?*

If Mr. Blank happened to drop in for a little chat, how would you present him to the ladies: to both at once, or to each one individually? And how would you present Bobby, who comes running in from school: *Bobby, this is Mr. Blank, or Mr. Blank, this is Bobby*, or would you use the *I want you to meet* method? Do you ever say, *I take pleasure in introducing?* Is it right or wrong?

How do you introduce a sweetheart to your rela-

tives for the first time? How do you introduce her or him to your friends?

On the other hand, if you are being introduced, how do you acknowledge it? Do you use any of these expressions: "*Pleased to know you*," "*Delighted*," "*How do you do?*" Does a gentleman rise upon being introduced to a lady? Does the lady rise? Is it correct for the lady and gentleman to shake hands?

The difference between the right and wrong thing in introducing is the difference between culture and coarseness.

The man who would be polished, impressive, and the woman who covets the wonderful gift of charm must cultivate the art of introduction.

Etiquette at the Dance

The ball-room should always be a center of culture and grace. To commit a breach of etiquette at the dance is to condemn yourself as a hopeless vulgarian. But alas! how many blunders are made by people who really believe that they are following the conventions of society to the highest letter of its law! What blunders do you make in the ball-room? These questions may help you discover them.

Does etiquette allow a woman to ask for a dance? May she refuse to dance without a reason? What is the proper thing for a young girl to do if she is not asked to dance? What is a polite and courteous way of refusing a dance? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it correct to wander away from the ball-room with a fiancé?

According to etiquette's laws is it necessary for a gentleman to dispose of his partner to someone else before he asks another lady for a dance? How shall he ask a lady to dance? Which are the correct forms and which the incorrect? How shall he dispose



of the lady after the dance if he must return to the lady he has escorted? What is the right dancing position for the gentleman? For the lady? What style of dress is correct to wear at a dance?

There is perhaps no better place to display the culture and finesse of your breeding than the ball-room, re-plendent with the gay gowns of women and enchanting with the ease and gracefulness of dancing couples. Here the gallantry of true gentlemen and the grace and delicacy of cultured women asserts itself. Here you can distinguish yourself either as a person of culture or a person of boorishness.

When Wedding Bells Ring Out

etiquette again comes to the fore. What is the right dress for the bride to wear? How shall the invitation be worded? When shall the groom give his farewell bachelor dinner? How shall congratulations be extended? And after the wedding there are cards of thanks and cards of invitation to be sent. The wedding breakfast must be arranged and perhaps a honeymoon trip must be planned. Suffice to say that the bride and bridegroom will find invaluable aid in the *Encyclopedia of Etiquette*.

Encyclopedia of Etiquette

In Two Comprehensive Volumes

In the most minute details of daily life, in the hours of prosperity and adversity alike, at all times, there is the omnipresent need of holding one's self in hand, of impressing by one's culture and breeding, of *doing the right thing*. Culture is, after all, one of the fine arts. To excel in music or painting, the price is vigilance, study and incessant effort; to be cultured, polished, the price is conscientious effort and study.

"Clothes may make the man," but whether you are clothed in rags or silks your culture cannot be hidden. For he who is polite, refined and well bred wears a gorgeous robe endowed with the fine embroidery of honor and respect. Not even rags can cover it.

The world is a harsh judge, but it is just. It will not tolerate the man who makes blunders at the dinner table. It will not tolerate the woman who breaks the conventions of society at the dance. It will not tolerate the illiterate in the Art of Etiquette.

"Encyclopedia of Etiquette" is excellent in quality, comprehensive in proportions, rich in illustrations. It comes to you as a guide, a revelation toward better etiquette. It dispels lingering doubts; corrects blunders, teaches you the *right*

thing to do. It is a book that will last. You will preserve it, to refer again and again to its invaluable aid toward culture and refinement.

New Chapters on Foreign Countries

Two new and interesting chapters have been added to the original edition of the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette." They are "The Etiquette of Travel" and "The Etiquette in Foreign Countries." The woman who is traveling alone must be extremely circumspect in her conduct. The conventions of etiquette must be strictly observed. The man who is escorting a woman abroad must not subject her to embarrassment by blunders in etiquette. Tips, dress, calling cards, correspondence, addressing royalty and addressing clergy abroad are discussed and the dinner etiquette in France, England, and Germany is disclosed. The two chapters are brimful of hints and pointers for the man or woman who travels.

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the formation through which the drill is biting. The tools are withdrawn from the hole and a measuring line shoots down. It is withdrawn. Bad news! The oil sand has been pierced and no oil found. The operator is calm. On the way out of the derrick he gently kicks a pebble from off the floor. "We'll shoot in the morning," he states, positively knowing deep in his heart that he is playing his last card.

A foggy, dismal morning. A mud-spattered machine swashbuckles through the mud, over a ditch, and up to the derrick. A man whose face is lined with care leaps out. You notice ominous words on the side of the car: "Nitro-Glycerine!"

Presently a hundred quarts of the deadly explosive is lowered to the oil-bearing—or rather what should be the oil-bearing—sand. The shooter of wells drives his machine to a place of safety. He returns and drops a lighted stick of dynamite down the hole. Everyone runs to safety.

Crack! Just a cap-pistol explosion down two thousand feet in the ground. The earth trembles slightly. Whee-e-e! This is a gigantic sigh that comes from the casing head at the hole. Sounds as though Goliath had the asthma!

Whoosh! A column of water, sand and gravel gushes from the hole and up and over the top of the derrick. And then, suddenly, that water column is streaked with golden brown. Behind one hears a yell from one of the drillers. One watches the magic column decrease in height to ten feet; the color of the column is black-brown now. There is a never-to-be-forgotten smell in the air. One's nostrils twitch. The smell is familiar! It is oil!

We go back to the derrick; a driller explains that the terrific force of the explosion has opened a large crevice to a vein of oil. The operator, who ten minutes before had been a poor devil with all of his worldly goods pledged, is now a man of wealth. His face is as calm as when he entered the derrick. There was a pebble on the floor thrown there by the explosion; he gently and impersonally kicks it to one side. He had played his last card and had won. What a poker player that fellow must be!

He is one of the oil men whom I asked if there was romance in the oil business. He replied, after being hectorred, that he didn't know, but he guessed there wasn't.



THE MELTING-POT

IN an address in New York recently, President O'Connell of the Iowa Society argued that the right to display foreign flags in this country along with the American flag is "a leading factor that keeps our melting-pot from melting." The Melting-Pot thanks the speaker for pointing out what it realizes is one of its chief obstacles to success.

For the first time in New Jersey a mixed jury—five women and seven men—sat today in a civil case and returned a verdict in forty minutes.—*Montclair (N. J.) telegram.*

Doubtless the five women succeeded in talking the seven men around to the former's point of view.

Shrinkage of values of the country's farm crops has placed their total value at almost \$5,000,000 less than last year, although the 1920 harvest was one of the most abundant in the nation's history.—*Washington dispatch.*

As much of this loss could have been saved had the farmer consented to sell earlier in the year, the policy of hold fast would seem to have been somewhat discredited.

An engineer has devised a plan to bring coal to New York City from the anthracite regions in Pennsylvania by forcing it through two 14-inch pipes with water pressure.—*Times item.*

Good! Thus we shall always be able to get coal, and in the coldest winters our homes will be piping hot.

Former Emperor William of Germany desires to go to Corfu, Greece, but could only do so with the consent of the Allied Powers.—*The Hague dispatch.*

The climate of Corfu is too mild. The Allied Powers would rather have him go to a hotter place.

A minimum of fifteen million persons will die of starvation in China this winter.—*Chicago Tribune Peking special.*

As an agent of slaughter, even a World War must take off its helmet to Famine.

Austria's financial breakdown is apparently complete. The country's funds are exhausted and the government is unable to purchase food abroad.—*Vienna special.*

Oh, that's all right, now. Austria has been admitted to the League of Nations.

More than 70,000 negro laborers in Chicago and vicinity have agreed to accept lower wages rather than lose their jobs.—*Chicago telegram.*

A cut in wages is better than a throat-cut from the razor of starvation.

Announcement of the discovery of a new alcohol closely akin to wood and grain alcohol in its adaptability to commercial purposes was made by the Standard Oil Company.—*Item in newspapers.*

If there is anything in petroleum that you want and don't see, tell the chemist and he'll do the rest.

The inter-Allied Military Commission has repeated its demand for the immediate disbandment and disarming of German defense organizations.—*Berlin dispatch.*

The German ox can stand an infinite amount of "geeing and hawing" and still only mark time.

Senator Harding conferred with William Jennings Bryan in regard to the plan for an association of nations.—*Marion Ohio dispatch.*

Mr. Bryan may now rank among the highest Who's Who, for Mr. Harding declared that he intended to take counsel with the "best minds" of the country.

President Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine Company declared that any drastic restrictions on immigration would be folly.—*Newspaper report.*

An unbiased opinion from one whose steamship lines would be benefited by heavy immigration.

The recent avalanche did not lower Mount Blanc. Half a million cubic meters of rock fell from its side, not its summit.—*Times Paris special.*

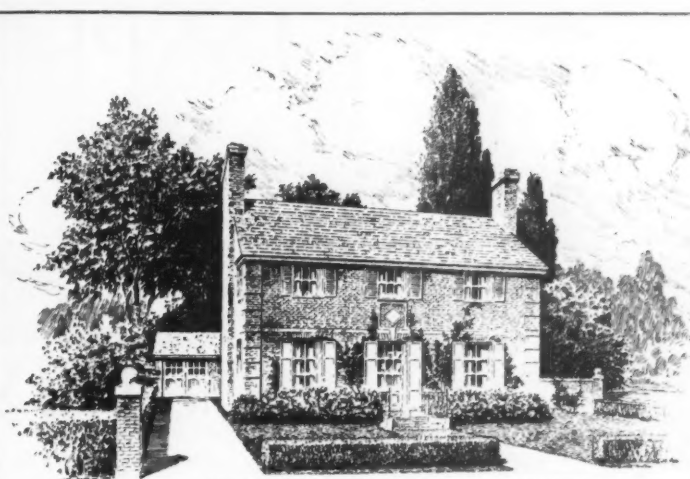
Glad to note that the famous hill can still hold up its head among the mountains.

News that the Nobel Peace Prize had been awarded to President Wilson was received with scorn and ridicule by all the Berlin newspapers.—*Berlin dispatch.*

It is evident that the German editors do not consider Mr. Wilson a genuine Nobelman.

The Bricklayers' Union of this city has made a demand for an average increase of wages from \$1 an hour to \$1.50.—*Springfield (Mass.) dispatch.*

Thus tamely do these willing men submit to the process of deflation.



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JASPER'S HINTS



TO INVESTORS

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their weekly and to answers to inquiries on financial questions and, in emergencies, to answers by telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit \$7 directly to the office of LESLIE'S in New York and not through any subscription agency. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Full name and exact street address, or number of postoffice box, should always be given. Anonymous communications will not be answered. The privileges of this department are not extended to members of clubs who are not individual subscribers.

DURING the Great War nearly every American deemed it his patriotic duty to make some sort of sacrifice for the benefit of his country. But there is no less need of patriotism in peace than in war, and never in our history has this been more obvious than it is today. All over the land there has been economic depression. It is the morning after a spree of intense character in the way of high-strung activity and inflation. Now there is want of a bracer—a tonic that shall counteract the bad effects of the dissipation and set the country firmly on its economic feet again. Is there such a remedy within ready reach? To some observers, at least, there appears to be an efficacious one.

The patriotic duty of the hour is to set in motion once more the wheels of enterprise, as soon as possible. How can this be effected? Largely, by a change in the psychological attitude of the people, the exercise of common sense and an unselfish willingness to help things along. Why should we not all lend a hand and put an end to, or at least better, the existing unfavorable conditions?

The public went on strike against buying because it felt that it was being fleeced through excessively high prices. The producers and the wholesalers have been readjusting themselves and reducing quotations, and yet too many retailers have been trying to avoid losses, which, nevertheless, are inevitable. Now, if they would only look at their cases more patriotically, they would at once slash prices, no matter what the commodities cost. This would attract buyers, and thus be a practical move in the interest of general business. It is their patriotic duty at this time to cease to be snags in the stream of national readjustment. The slogan for the retailers should be "Sell! Sell! Sell!"

To rescue business from its plight it is imperative that buying be resumed on a broad and generous scale. Wherever prices have become reasonably low, the consuming public, also as a patriotic duty, should declare the strike off, and begin to make use of its still enormous buying power. While it should buy prudently, it should not refrain from buying merely because by waiting it might save a little on this or that article. It should aim to empty the shelves of the retailers as quickly as may be. The slogan of patriotic consumers should be "Buy! Buy! Buy!"

If only these views of the demands of the situation should prevail and be generally acted upon, the wilted plant of business would receive a watering that would revive it almost in a twinkling. The impulse given to the retail market would

pass along powerfully to the primary markets and to the sources of production. It would effectively stimulate industry and commerce; it would quicken anew the productive forces, cause closed establishments to reopen, increase transportation activities and profits, diminish unemployment and herald the return of sound and normal prosperity. Is it not worth while, therefore, to consider the circumstances, to some degree, in the light of devotion to the common good and not wholly in the selfish mood?

Already, even before the tide of purchasing has begun to flow, signs are multiplying that 1921 will witness a grateful recovery from the stagnation of the closing months of 1920. Many manufactories that closed down are reopening; those which went on part time are extending their work week; labor, for the most part, has sensibly submitted to necessary cuts in wages, and the farmers are not seriously curtailing their operations. There are public service and potency for good in all these facts. Now let the retail salespeople and the consumers display the spirit of rehabilitation and progress, and all will presently be well.

Pending such a state of affairs, the securities market has been doing nobly. It has firmed up materially, and though no boom is in sight the abyss of decline seems to have been filled in. Some issues have made substantial advances which they may hold. Others have risen and backslided, but the undertone is no longer one of weakness, but rather of growing strength. Fluctuations we must expect, but apparently the worst is over, and we may hope for gradual improvement as time goes by. I repeat my former recommendation to buy now "the best things the market affords."

A. BURLINGTON, VT.: New Haven R. R. stock is about the least desirable of the low-priced rails. The company's outlook is pretty gloomy.

S. SUPERIOR, WIS.: The Standard Gas & Electric Co. is one of the well-managed Byllesby companies, and its 6% bonds are well regarded.

E. ST. PAUL, MINN.: General Motors common is a good speculative purchase at present. It is stated that the dividend will be maintained.

A. LOWELLVILLE, OHIO: Standard Oil of California is among the most prosperous in the S. O. group. Its 7% 10-year debentures are gilt-edged.

D. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.: Studebaker common is paying 7%, and reports regarding the earnings are favorable. It is selling too low if the dividend can be maintained. The preferred is a safer purchase.

O. HOLLAND PATENT, N. Y.: I select from your list for the investment of your \$3,000, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Atchison, N. Y. Central, Northern Pacific, Great Northern pfd., and U. S. Steel common. These are reasonably safe.

K. KANSAS CITY, MO.: It is impossible to foresee at what price Denmark 8's will sell in March. They may recover or may decline further. If you did not need to use the money the better way would be to hold the bond as an investment.

R. DETROIT, MICH.: New York, Westchester, & Boston R. R. 1st 4 1/2's are guaranteed by the

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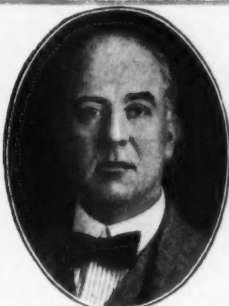
JUDGE

—for—

January 29th



James D. Hoge
Chairman of the Board of the Union National Bank of Seattle, Wash., and one of the leading financiers of the rapidly growing Pacific Northwest. He was formerly treasurer of the American Bankers Association and is a prominent figure in civic affairs.



Clarence Atkinson Bogert
General Manager of the Old Dominion Bank of Toronto, Ont., and formerly President of the Toronto Board of Trade, who was recently elected president of the Canadian Bankers Association. He is regarded as a leading authority on finance.



W. H. Hayley
of Memphis, Tenn., Secretary of the influential Chamber of Commerce of that thriving city. Memphis has the distinction of being the largest inland cotton market in the South, and it is said to be the most important hardwood lumber market in America.

New Haven R. R. The road has shown a deficit since 1912. I would rather have the bonds of some organization that is earning interest for itself and that is not dependent on another organization which has big difficulties of its own.

V., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.: Seaboard Air Line adj. 5's are inviting at 36. The interest on these bonds is cumulative and has been paid since 1900. The bonds are a general lien subject to several prior obligations. They appear safe.

B., RICHMOND, VA.: Standard Oil Company of New Jersey pfd. is the best stock mentioned in your letter. Southern Railway common and Sinclair are paying no dividends. C. & O. is a dividend payer. Anglo-American is in the S. O. group and is a sound issue, but the dividends are payable in British money, which causes the American holder a loss at the present low rate of exchange.

C., ST. ALBANS, VT.: I am not much in favor of purchasing low-priced rails which do not pay dividends. The situation is not such as to warrant a belief that their prices will advance materially soon. The coppers would be good purchases at present figures if it were certain that the copper market were going to improve. Some financiers recommend their purchase now.

D., ST. LOUIS, MO.: Goodrich Rubber Co. 7's National Cloak & Suit 8's, Diamond Match 7 1/2's, U. S. Rubber 7's, Heinz & Co. 7's, are all excellent. I do not think so much of the United Railways 1st mortgage 4's. The corporation is in the hands of a receiver and the earnings showed a deficit in 1910. It is safer to buy the issues of a company in stronger financial position.

B., DES MOINES, IOWA: The Gaston, Williams & Wigmore Corp. is in strong hands, but the export business in which it is engaged has fallen off tremendously and the concern's earnings are on the minus side. It has been selling stocks which it owned in other companies and also real estate in order to strengthen its treasury. Should the efforts that are to be made by leading financiers to increase our overseas trade succeed, this corporation may regain much of its lost ground. At present the outlook is uncertain and the stock highly speculative.

F., DANBURY, CONN.: Among bonds legal for savings banks in New York State are Atchison R. R. general 4's, Atlantic Coast Line R. R. 1st cons. 4's, Central Railroad of New Jersey gen. 5's, C. B. & Q. R. R. gen. 4's, St. Paul R. R. gen. 3 1/2's, 4's, and 4 1/2's, Chicago & Northwestern, gen. 3 1/2's, 4's, and 5's, Michigan Central R. R. 1st 3 1/2's, N. Y. C. & H. H. R. 1st 3 1/2's, Norfolk & Western R. R., 1st consol 4's, Northern Pacific R. R. prior lien railway and land grant 4's, Southern Pacific 1st and ref. 4's, Union Pacific 1st lien and ref. 4's. All these bonds are long terms and the \$20,000 of trust funds can safely be invested in them.

P., WILLMAR, MINN.: I regard Great Northern preferred stock as an attractive purchase at this time. Very few first-class bonds are yielding 8 per cent. on market price. The French Gov't 8 per cent. bonds, which are undoubtedly safe, have been quoted lately at about par. There are railroad bonds making high yields, but these are more or less speculative, though reasonably safe. Among them are, Baltimore & Ohio conv. 4 1/2's, St. Paul 4's, Rock Island ref. 4's, Minn. & St. L. 1st 5's, St. L. & San Fran. series C 6's, St. Louis Southwestern 1st term. 5's, and Rock Island, Ark. & L. 4 1/2's. All these yield higher than 8 per cent.

C., KANSAS CITY, MO.: The reason why there was such a tumble in all classes of stocks is that readjustment was at work and people had not discriminated between different issues. In your group of cheap stocks there is only one paying a dividend and that is General Motors. U. S. Food was a dividend payer but has had to suspend dividends. Pierce Oil and St. L. & San Fran. common are long-pull speculations. Sinclair common and Rock Island common are non-dividend payers. Pure Oil pays satisfactory dividends. Texas Co. is one of the best independent oil concerns and a dividend payer. Anaconda had a severe slump in expectation of the passing of the dividend, but has recovered somewhat. American Beet Sugar went down to a low level because of doubt as to the maintenance of the dividend. Lackawanna Steel, Bethlehem Steel B. and U. S. Rubber common still continue good business men's purchases. Atchison, Ameri-

can Sugar, Great Northern preferred and U. S. Steel are sterling issues and can be bought at present figures with considerable confidence.

New York, January 22, 1921

JASPER.

Free Booklets for Investors

From William H. Herbst, 20 Broad Street, New York, may be obtained booklet L which explains how Puts and Calls operate in stock market transactions and which will be mailed to any address.

The Godfrey-Brewer Investment Co. is distributing 7% mortgages on Oklahoma farms, which are yearly becoming better regarded, and will send to any applicant for circular L a list of selected offerings.

Financial and business matters are clearly reviewed in the widely known and authoritative "Bache Review," which has proved exceedingly helpful to many investors. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

One prudent way to solve investment problems is to act on the suggestions of the "Straus Guide to Safe Investment for January, 1921." Doubtless the reader will find there hints that will be valuable to him throughout the year. Every investor with \$100 and upward should consult this publication. It may be had by writing for booklet A-1103 to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Bldg., Chicago.

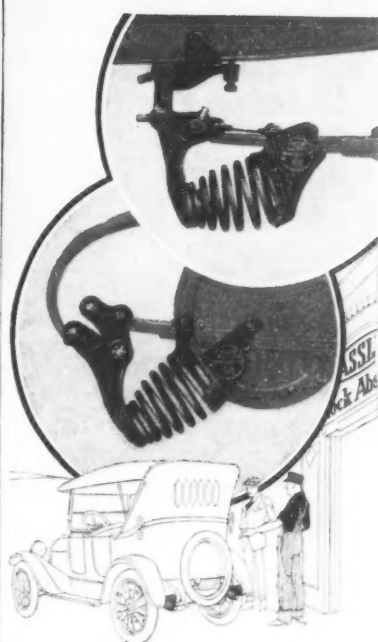
Among well-secured 7% issues are investors first mortgage bonds, based on high-grade property worth twice the amount of the bonds and backed by a house which has been in business 16 years without loss to any investor. These bonds are in pieces of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000. Federal Income tax is paid and they may be bought on partial payments. For details send for booklet No. 1-108 to Investment Securities Corporation, 1331 Madison Street, Chicago, or Columbia Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

The bi-weekly publication "Investment Survey," issued by Scott & Stump, specialists in odd lots, Stock Exchange Bldg., Philadelphia, and 40 Exchange Place, New York, has been of material aid to many investors in the handling of their surplus funds. It reviews the financial situation, gives statistics, comments on general market conditions and suggests profitable investments. This valuable publication may be obtained on request of Scott & Stump, together with an outline of their systematic saving 20-payment plan.

A folder "Investment Opportunities in Bonds," of much value to investors has been issued by the widely known house of Cassatt & Co., of Philadelphia. The obligations described include municipals, railroads, public utilities, governments and industrials. This firm has been in existence for nearly half a century and has been aiding and advising a constantly increasing clientele in the purchase of sound and conservative investments. It will mail to any applicant "Cassatt Offerings," a monthly selected list of investigated conservative securities. Ask for circular 00.

Whether the worst in the securities market be over or not, many issues are selling at prices that offer rare bargains. These may be found in bonds, preferred stocks and common stocks. Descriptions of them are given in the current market bulletin sent out by Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York. This not only discusses the position of securities attractive for their soundness and high yield, but also tells how they may be purchased on convenient monthly payments. Write to Clarkson & Co., Dept. L W-27, for booklet "Thrifty-Savings-Investment," and helpful buying suggestions.

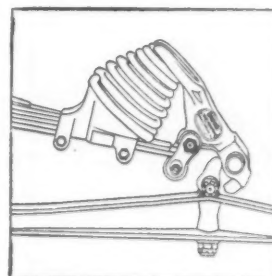
An attractive investment offer is made by G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 12 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. The company shows how \$500 may be advantageously placed so as to bring a return of 7 per cent. The proposition is to put \$200 in Miller bonds secured by a 7-story apartment building, \$200 in Miller bonds secured by a 5-story office building, and \$100 in Miller bonds secured by improved farm land, buildings, etc. In each case the property is valued at much more than twice the face of the bonds. These bonds come in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 and interest is paid twice yearly. They mature in two to ten years. For full particulars send to Miller & Co. for their illustrated circular.



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Business and Politics in South America

(Concluded from page 127)

vian employers. The trouble is that the *cholo*, accustomed to his own way of living—usually in a hut of mud or stones patched with grass—resents any attempt to better his condition. Here at Oroya, where the company was constructing a smelter, it had established comfortable homes of wood and corrugated iron for the Indians, but they preferred to live in caves or in hovels down in the bed of the river with the sewage of the American camp on the bank above tumbling upon their thatched roofs.

I later found that the camp which experienced the least trouble with its laborers was the oldest camp, Cerro de Pasco itself, which had solved the problem by leaving them alone. The mines here dated back to Pizarro, as did the old Spanish town where the natives lived. It has been called the highest and dirtiest city in the world. Here the company had permitted the Indians to squat on the chairless mud floor of their ancestral hovels and cook their scanty meal of frozen potatoes over their traditional fire of llama dung, and the Indians were contented. An American doctor had once attempted the experiment of giving a *cholo* a bath, but the man, accustomed to no such outrage, had immediately died of pneumonia.

AT Oroya I changed to the mining corporation's own railroad, and rode across the dreary *pampa* for several hours more. It was night when I descended amid a cloud of sulfurous smoke at the company's smelter, and the red glow of the furnaces looked like Pittsburgh.

Clark, a young man in khaki shirt, high leather leggings, and sombrero, who met me at the station, handed my suit-case to a *cholo* with the remark that I would find myself too weak to carry it. I resented the imputation, for although I had felt a trifle dizzy when passing the high point on the railroad, the quarters were only two hundred yards distant. But in the rarefied air of the high altitude, even walking proved to be hard work.

"A good night's rest will fix you up," he chuckled.

It is usually many nights before a newcomer becomes sufficiently acclimated to enjoy a night's rest. I found sleep impossible. For hours I could hear my heart pumping like a steam-hammer as it tried to function in the scant air of two miles above sea-level. Employees are seldom sent to "the Hill" without a heart and lung test; nevertheless, it is not an infrequent occurrence for one to be rushed back to Lima on a special train, with a camp doctor pumping oxygen into him. Even old-timers, long after *soroche* has passed off, are unable to exert themselves vigorously, although the native-born Indians seem to gallop up or down hill, carrying tremendous loads on the back without effort.

In the morning I had been warned to take things easy, but after the lazy life

of Latin-America, I wanted to see people working. The auditor took me to the office. Although mine bosses in these camps work harder than at home, owing to the difficulty of getting work out of their Indian subordinates, I discovered that office men have much the same habits as the Latins themselves.

"Do you need another man in here, Glen?" the auditor inquired.

A tall Canadian cashier, engaged in chatting with three other khaki-shirted gringos, looked up.

"Why, we have an even four for bridge now," he replied. "Of course, we can play poker instead—"

"Never mind. Poker would lower the tone of the office work. I'll ship him up to Morococha."

THEY all looked pityingly at me. Morococha was still higher up in the mountains, with a glacier in its backyard.

So I climbed on another train, rode back to the highest point on the main line of the railroad, and changed to a branch that led still higher into a land of Alpine beauty and Arctic temperature. After winding among icy peaks and chilly blue lakes, it came finally down upon another group of chimneys and mine towers, where another manager met me. The managers expect new employees to arrive sick up here, and are very considerate of newcomers.

"I'd take you to the quarters in my automobile," he explained, "but yesterday was payday, and I can't drive without running over the drunks."

As we walked down through the straggling native mud village toward the mines, *cholos* staggered stupidly out of our way, the more nearly sober ones raising their hats in salute, the rest staring at us in bleary-eyed impudence until pushed aside. Many of them lay in the road, half-buried in the mixture of mud and melting snow.

Before one of the many shafts that dotted the valley below like entrances to a huge ant-hill, the manager paused.

"We'll take the subway to camp," he said.

The subway proved to be a mine cage, which shot us down into dripping blackness. Several hundred feet below, in a cavern lighted by flickering miners' lamps, we climbed into a small electric car, and were carried noisily through winding tunnels where water trickled upon us from the rocks close overhead. The gringo camp where the American employees lived was some two miles distant, but in a few minutes we shot out into brilliant sunshine among a group of neat white buildings.

Here the manager turned me over to a red-haired, freckle-faced man whom he addressed as "Paddy." Paddy looked at me distrustfully.

"It's not English yer are?" he inquired.

"No, I'm American."

"I'll give ye a good room then."

I learned later that it was Paddy's dislike for what he termed "Lima-juicers," culminating in his posting about his home town in Cork some handbills warning them to take their feet off the neck of fair Ireland, that explained why he was now in Peru.

MOROCOCHA, outside the gringo camp, was the gloomiest place I had ever seen. Surrounded by cold-looking lakes, from which the frosted mountain-sides rose to white peaks without a single bush or tree to break the gruesome bleakness of the landscape, under a lead-gray sky that gave promise of the daily hail-storm—it was hard to believe that this was tropical South America.

But in the club-room, with its open fireplace, piano, magazines, electric light, and steam heat, one could imagine himself back in New York, except that here the clubmen had mud on their high boots, and wore corduroy. I had expected to find a swaggering, quarrelsome crew of gunmen in these camps. Back at the smelter I had noticed that the two Smiths were identified by the titles "Forty-four Smith" and "Thirty-eight Smith" according to the caliber of the gun in the hip pocket. But these fellows, although husky and red-faced and otherwise filling all specifications, were quiet in manner, and spoke to each other with surprising courtesy.

My search for excitement and local color seemed disappointing. Presently, however, when Paddy announced that my room was ready, it was with a grin and a warning:

"Look out for the other fellow in there—he's a bit ugly."

As I entered the door, an outburst of profanity from the occupant of one of the two beds gave hope that I had at last discovered a real mining-camp roughneck.

"My name's Foster," I said quickly.

I did not mention this with any expectation that the name would intimidate him. He seemed to be under the impression that I was the native room-boy, and I wanted to correct the mistake before he opened fire. His remarks, in English, promised that he was about to do something like that.

"My name's O'Grady," he snarled. "You've heard of me."

Unfortunately I had not. His close-cropped hair and bloodshot eyes were not familiar. I apologized for my ignorance, explaining that I had just reached the camp.

"But you've heard of Michael Francis O'Grady?"

"No."

"Don't you remember when he knocked out Kid Kelly?"

"No."

"I guess you ain't from Boston then. Wisht I was there now. I just got here meself, an' I'm down with this damned *soroche*."

Next week another instalment of Mr. Foster's South American sketches will be published in Leslie's.

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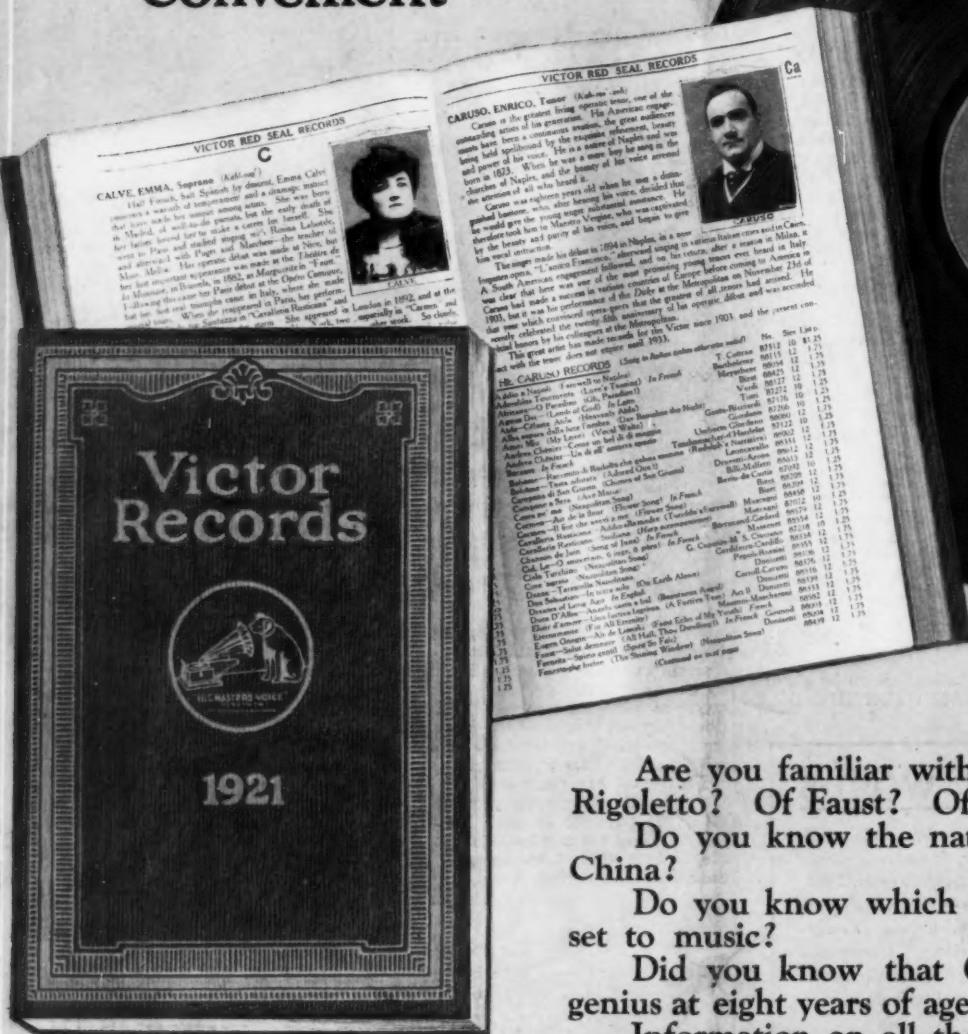
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